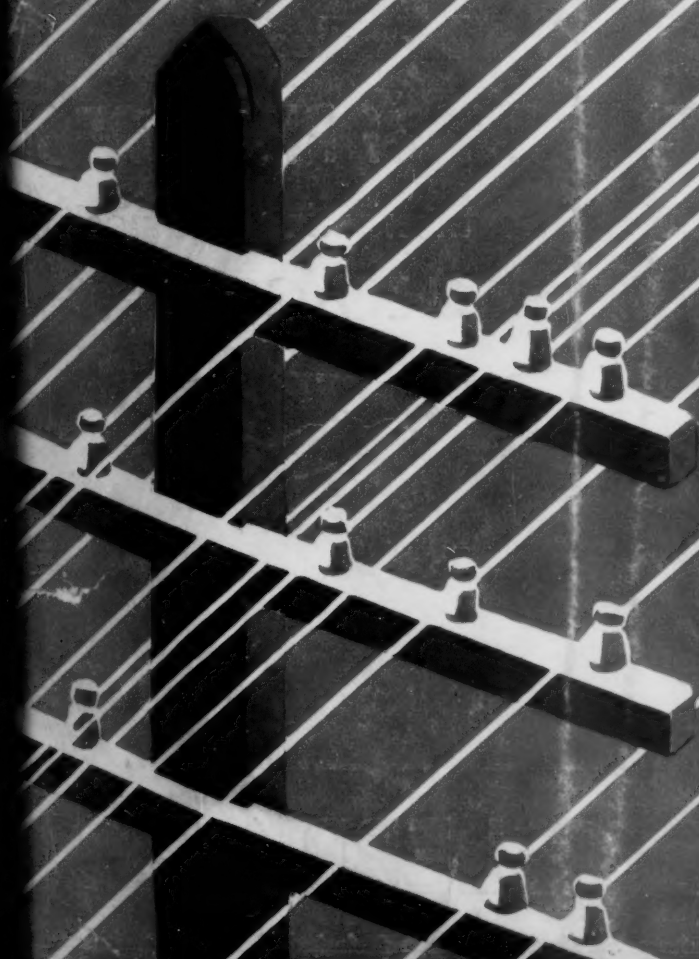


the ROTARIAN

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Perpetuating the Depression
By a Customer with Money to Spend

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Fighting for New Business

By John W. Parsons

* * *

War Stuff!

By Stephen Leacock

* * *

What's Ahead for Aviation?

By Col. Halsey Dunwoody

F.V. CARPENTER

FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 1932

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The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME XL

JANUARY, 1932

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"And Again Winter Came"—Reproduction from a painting by Joseph P. Birren.

A SONG TO FRIENDS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LET us sing a song to friends,
Singing as the old year ends
Not alone to all the old friends,
Though they were the good-as-gold friends,
Not alone to all the new,
Though the year has brought a few,
Not alone to those who wander,
Nor to those who sleep out yonder—
Let us sing through smiles and tears
To all the friends of all the years.

Some we knew but for a day,
Friends who passed us on the way,
Some it seems we knew forever,
Some were foolish, some were clever,
Some were rich and some were poor,

Though we never knew for sure,
Some were high and some were lowly,
But their memory is holy,
For their kindness still endears
All the friends of all the years.

Friends of childhood, friends of youth,
Friends in folly, friends in truth,
Friends of manhood's harder labor,
Friendly stranger, friendly neighbor,
All who came as good friends do,
Here's to you, and you, and you!
No, I would not sing to new friends,
Nor to old friends, nor a few friends—
Here's a song as sunset nears
To all the friends of all the years!

The Challenge of the New Year

By **Sydney W. Pascall**

President, Rotary International

"P *peace on earth amongst men of good-will."*

At the close of a year and the opening of a new one this is perhaps the principal thought that occupies our minds, particularly in these days of depression and discontent. What is the story we have to write of these months that are recently gone? Gains there have been and losses. The tide has come in and receded. All peace lovers have been appalled by the conflict in the Far East and most of us have been at a loss to understand the real issue.

Be that what it may, is the actual happening a gain or a loss? It is a loss insofar as it proved impossible to prevent the outbreak of hostilities and the continuance of them. On the other hand surely it is a gain in that although up to the time of writing their efforts have been unsuccessful, all the nations of the world recognise that they are intimately affected and have endeavoured first to prevent and then to limit the hostilities.

The whole world has been vitally concerned with the fact that Japan and China are in conflict but equally Japan and China are keenly conscious that the eyes of the whole world are upon them and that they are being expected by world opinion to have recourse to peace and conciliation.

The visits of the ministers of France and Italy to the President of the United States of America are a tribute to the growing solidarity of the world. Whether they accomplish little or much, nothing can take away from the fact that these visits have been made and that they indicate that the peoples of the world believe that their great hope lies in international cooperation to secure peace and prosperity to each individual nation.

The very fact that such absorbing interest was taken all over the world in the British crisis and in the ensuing general election is an added proof of the realisation of the intimate interlocking of the interests of all countries of the world.

But enough of looking backward. What may we see ahead? There is no cause for discouragement but a very real challenge to our manhood. The battle is

New opportunities for international coöperation offer hope to a world beset with financial difficulties and saddened with the persistence of armed strife amongst the nations.

to the strong. Therefore, in our efforts in the battle for peace, let us make use of our strength. Do we realise that the first condition of securing peace on earth is that we sincerely believe in it, earnestly desire it, and with a single mind determine to work for it? It will not come by accident. It will not come as the result of wager, by hazard of fortune, by freak of chance. It will only come as the result of steady, constant, persistent effort.

We must work for peace as we have never yet worked for anything, as if we believed that upon our effort alone hung the achievement of the dearly desired result. In the second place, we must never slacken in our efforts. If the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, so also is the price of peace. Let us never consider the victory permanently won. Let us ever be on our guard to defend the advance we have made and to press forward into yet new positions.

FINALLY, we realise that we cannot leave our work to others; for this—the securing of peace—is definitely our work. Statesmen and men of affairs may arrange the details, but the will to peace can only arrive in the minds of the people—the rank and file, the man in the street. It is *our* opinion that counts. If we are determined to achieve peace, refuse to be deflected from our aim, refuse to regard it as anybody else's business but primarily and principally our own, refuse to be swerved from our course, diverted from our aim, then we may indeed hope to see peace in our time.

Sursum corda. It is a great age, an age of great opportunity. The opportunity is now at our hand. We know, and are determined to prove, that we are the men and women to use it.

We rise to meet the challenge of the New Year with peace in our hearts, with peace in our minds in the sure and confident hope that peace shall be emblazoned on the scroll of this year when in its turn it passes into the record of history.

Perpetuating the Depression

By a Customer with Money to Spend

TO CONTINUE speculating on the causes of the business depression is about as valuable as speculations generally; it gets you exactly nowhere. Certainly, it is not very much to the present point. The sooner we quit talking and thinking about the causes of the depression and apply our efforts to ending it, the better it will be for all of us. When the house is burning, the first duty is to put out the fire; the cause of it can be investigated later.



Do retail merchants need to grow customer-conscious? This customer with money to spend had a desperate time trying to get rid of it.

Presumably, we are supposed to be suffering from a dose of under-consumption. Our wants are supposed to be exhausted. I wonder. A series of experiences in trying to satisfy my normal needs has led me to ask myself as I meet business at the buying end, "Is it awake to the regulative importance of consumer-satisfaction as a factor in ending the depression?" My wants are normal. My buying power has not been decreased appreciably. I am not in a psychological panic. I have been entirely willing to go right on satisfying my normal requirements in a normal way.

Moreover, I can pay cash for what I want. Naturally, I am not the only one who is in that position. Wherefore, the point of this article.

I am setting down here a series of experiences that tell their own story. They are all of recent occurrence; and they are all true. Under the protection of anonymity I am writing freely and candidly.

I.

It was twenty minutes past five. I was near one of the three good bookstores in my city. Lincoln Steffens' autobiography had been published within the week. In the magazine on whose reviews I depend for guidance in the purchase of practically all my books (about \$25.00 worth per month) I had read of it—and made up my mind to buy it. Invari-

"Up she came to me with these words: 'Do you intend buying or are you just looking around?'"



Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

ably, when I do go to the book-store I browse around a bit and usually come away with one or several books. I had fully made up my mind to buy. The Stef-fens I wanted badly, for reasons that need not be gone into here, so I went into the book-store to get it. I went straight to the table on which it was displayed and laid my copies of the two volumes aside. Then I began to browse. Sure enough, I found myself deep in another book that grew on me as I read on. But it was 5:20. The store closes at 5:30. I was mindful of that fact. So, apparently, was the young lady that sells the books. Up she came to me with these words: "Do you intend buying or are you just looking around?"

Her look more than her speech showed that the prospect of a customer keeping her a moment beyond quitting time annoyed her. Her distress was so real that I took myself off in a real hurry. I just couldn't bring myself to ask her to spare the time to wrap my books and enter the charge on my account. I am still wondering whether her "boss" knows how his "clerks" meet the "trade." Since he and I are very good friends I haven't had the heart to tell him of my experience; it would seem too much like criticizing—and at any rate, I don't want to tell him how

to run his business. (Fortunately for me, the next morning a friend, knowing my very special reason for wanting Steffens' autobiography, brought it to me as a gift.)

II.

FOR some months now the doctor has been suggesting that we get one of these lamps that gives you sun-rays all the year round. He finally gave it as his definite decision that in view of the family reactions to a very difficult climate, the lamp was really a necessity. Whereupon I set about making an investigation of the various lamps suitable for our purposes. Since the price is rather high the investigation was very thorough. When I had brought the facts together, and that means letters from medical men of long experience in the use of sun-lamps, I determined upon a certain make of lamp. Whereupon I called the head office of the company that manufactures these lamps. I stated my specifications. They had exactly what I wanted. We agreed on a price. I left my address and telephone number. They, of course, couldn't sell me the lamp as that transaction had to be handled through a retailer. They assured me, however, that as soon as they located the proper retailer to whom the trade from my district normally belonged, he would call and give me a demonstration.

That was four weeks ago. I am still waiting to be called. I might say that between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. I can always be reached by telephone any day in the week except Sundays. It is always possible, of course, that that particular merchant is so busy that he hasn't gotten around to my call yet. Meanwhile, however, I am negotiating elsewhere. It would be unfair not to add that twice since my first call I have reminded the head office that I have not yet had the demonstration. The last time they seemed annoyed at the possible thought in my mind that they were not on the job. I didn't call them again.

III.

A few weeks ago I was in "the most rapidly growing city in the world." For variety's sake I took a taxi to a hotel I had never patronized before. It was highly spoken of by several of my friends and on this occasion very convenient to the addresses I had to "make." It was and is a new, large, and attractive place at which to stay. My taxi dropped me at one of the two main entrances to the hotel. The doorman bowed me his welcome but left me to carry my own bag. Down a long corridor and up a flight

of steps I carried that bag. Once in the main lobby I carried that bag, happily a light one, past six bell-boys, all of whom were looking right at me, up almost to the registration desk before I was relieved. And then hotels wonder why they are only half full, while their bonds are selling at 50 below par.

IV.

Last June I found myself compelled to make a trip to the Pacific Coast. Speed was urgent but I did not care to fly, not being air-minded. I chose, therefore, to use the railroad that advertises the fastest, cleanest trip to the Northwest. A month before the trip I had made all reservations both ways. At Chicago I found that my Pullman berth, reserved a month ahead, was exchanged for one "just as good" farther along in the car. A mistake I took it to be and dismissed it. Such things will happen. But upon my return when I entrained at Seattle, the berth again was changed to one farther ahead. I grew annoyed. To this day I remain unconvinced that either one was a mistake—and next time I go to the coast, which is this year, it will not be on that railroad. I should be nervous in contemplation of the trip lest I have no berth at all.

V.

I HAD just come back from Europe. In dear old Vienna some friends were especially nice to me. I wanted to do the courteous thing and send them some little gift distinctively American. In one of our department stores I knew a discerning young sales-girl of unusual capability. Surely she could help me. In I went. We went into "conference." The trouble of buying is bad enough but when you add to it the bother of sending what you buy to Vienna so that it arrives both safely and without charge for duty at that end you have a real chore on your hands. We were making progress.

Just as we were consummating the sale and getting ready to go into the other details, a superior popped in and called the very attentive and capable young woman away. She protested that she was engaged on a customer. No matter. She must turn the customer over to another girl as the superior should be wanting her a considerable spell. Before the other sales-person could arrive I sneaked out in sheer despair. The prospect of going all over it again with a total stranger left me psychologically exhausted. Next time I was in New York I sent my gift from there where such matters are [Continued on page 54]



"Waterloo began after early lunch, and all concerned were finished for late dinner."

War Stuff! . . . A Few Words of Comfort

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

THE war hounds, the real ones, the real hot dogs who talk of nothing else—assure us that the next great war is going to be something awful. And it appears that the people who get it in the neck are not these war hounds themselves, but us—you and I—the ordinary plain people who never saw a gun fired in anger outside of a bar-room.

It seems, so they say, that the whole attention of the armies will be devoted to destroying civilians—women and children a specialty. Bombs will be dropped on us from the air: we will be blown up on our own golf links: killed with gas while at the movies. Churches will be no place for people who fear death and sick people had better keep away from hospitals.

These war hounds keep cheering us up with news of bigger and brighter bombs, higher and higher explosives, yellower and yellower gas. They have an explosive now that will blow us five hundred feet in the air: last year we were only up to four. And there's a new gas that you can't see as it approaches; it has no smell, so you can't smell it: it gives no

An eminent Canadian humorist contributes a few unconventional observations for the New Year on the topic of the next war.

feeling: so you don't feel it. Without having the least idea of it you are dead.

This is really an awful picture. But personally I take no stock in it. I think these war hounds work off this stuff on us because they are scared themselves. For the first time the soldiers are afraid and so they try to pass it on.

NOW I have acquired from much reading about wars in past ages the notion that war is coming to an end. In fact it is almost there now. The reason is that war has lost what you might call its charm, the peculiar drowsy fascination that it had up till about fifty years ago. In those good old days war was the greatest of open-air sports. The life was free and open, the food good, lots of fun, and the danger practically nothing, or nothing more than being at home.

Think of the wonderful attraction for a young officer setting off to war. He embarked upon a troop ship—a huge floating castle under sail: music, sun-

shine, tears, farewells, brandy and soda! Glorious. Any danger of a bomb from the air? Good heavens, no! never dreamed of. Any fear of being blown up at night by a submarine? Good Lord, no! Any danger of anything? Not till we get to the scene of the war. When do we get there? Oh, in about six months.

Thus used to sail the French and the English to the West Indies: cards and brandy and soda on deck all day: played under an awning for 10 rupees a punto: that's the life!

Thus sailed a United States naval expedition some-

where about a hundred years ago for the island of Sumatra. Why? To punish a native chief. Now if anybody can think of better fun than what "punishing a native chief" used to be, I want to hear of it. Time of this expedition, four months out and four back. Warfare involved—bombardment of Quettah Boola, or some such place, for half an hour, then a native banquet with hams, yarns, clams and a native drink called "hooroo"! And at all these banquets, of course, there were girls, lots of them, yellow, tan, brown, anything. They always collected *them* in any of the dear old expeditions. After which they collected the ransom and sailed home.

Danger in the old wars never came till you were ready for it, all keyed up for it, wanting it. And it was over in no time—it was like a thunderstorm, fearsome and full of light and then gone! In any good old campaign the armies always laid off for winter, and always took time off for saints' days, holidays, and generals' birthdays on both sides. They stopped for wet weather, muddy weather, or when there was too much static in the air. A campaign lasted as a rule all summer with a battle once a month, lasting anywhere from twenty minutes to all day. Waterloo began after early lunch, and all concerned were finished for late dinner. Wolfe's

battle at Quebec lasted twenty minutes. It had taken from the first week in January till the middle of September to get it ready.

As to danger of death, the open life was so superior to sedentary work at home that it was on the whole safer to be at war. England lost, in twenty-two years of war with France, only 100,000 soldiers—about 5,000 a year. About half of these died of fever in the West Indies without any battles at all. Apart from fever the mortality at home was far greater.

Can we wonder that war flourished. For the officers it was, literally, a picnic: as for the common people, [Cont'd on page 49]

"Bombs will be dropped on us from the air; we will be blown up on our own golf links."



Fighting for New Business

By John W. Parsons

WHEN graybeards told Napoleon he couldn't cross the Alps in winter because "circumstances" did not smile on the venture, it is recorded he squared his shoulders and answered, "Circumstances? I *make* circumstances!" And that, without getting the least bit melodramatic, is what not a few business leaders did in 1931 and are going to do in 1932. Confronted with adverse circumstances, these men have accepted the challenge with such enthusiasm, vigor, and intelligence that in many cases the very obstacles have been turned into advantages.

Two courses are open to the man whose business is threatened by unfavorable factors beyond his control. He may capitulate "to conditions"—and his discharged employees will swell the straggling queues of the jobless. Or, he may prove his right to kinship with the hardy breed who don't call "quits," who won't say "down," who practice the belief that the best defensive tactics are an attack. "Depression" isn't in the personal vocabulary of such men; "opportunity" is.

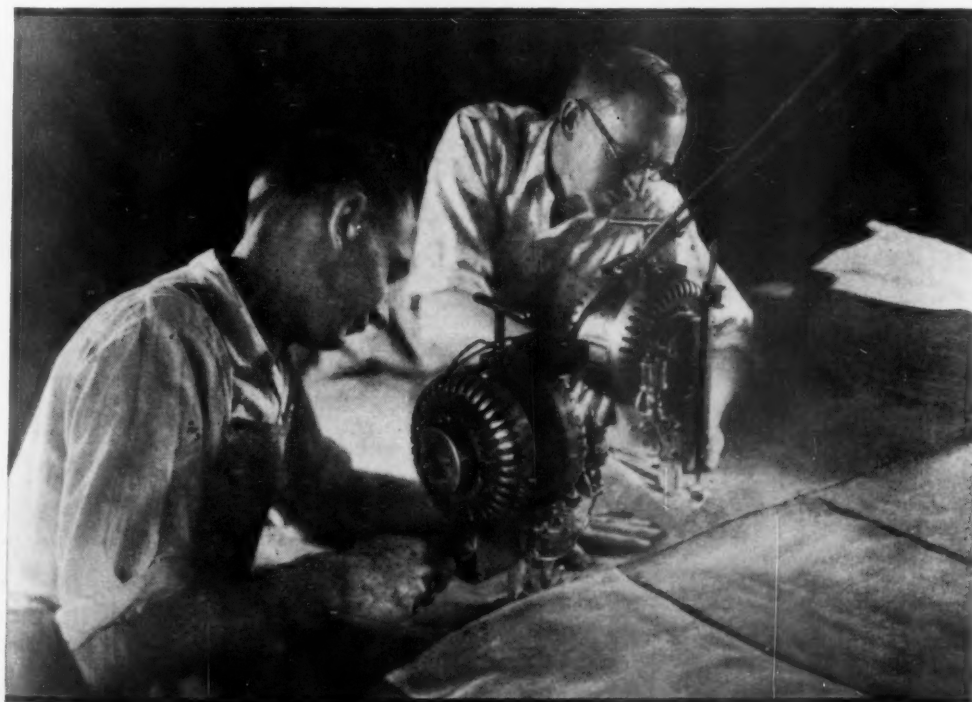
The manufacturing of pianos and related industries supply two apt illustrations. This branch of commerce has been caught in the fast-moving kaleidoscope of change. With excellent and varied music

The times are what we make them. Leaders of 1942 will remember 1932 as the year when opportunity actually banged at the front door.

available over the radio for an outlay of less than a hundred dollars, why, thousands of householders have asked themselves, should several hundred dollars be spent for a piano which requires trained fingers for the production of the simplest music? Human nature being what it is, the result has been that fewer pianos have been sold since the radio came on the scene.

NOW, there is in Chicago, a certain company which for many years has been making piano stools and benches. It was a leader in this specialty, but as fewer pianos were sold its business dwindled. This firm might have ridden into prosperity by making radio cabinets. But no; it hewed to its old line—piano stools and benches or nothing. The result is that today it occupies a fraction of the plant that it once did. Parenthetically, it might be added that a young and vigorous company making an effective typesetting machine—in touch with the tempo of the times—has progressively purchased unit after unit of its floor space.

What the bench and stool company might have done, had its management possessed foresight, is shown by the recent record of an old piano factory. As the demand for its product lessened, its board of directors squarely faced the question: Should



"Business is militant. In 1932 it is going to call upon its own resources of ingenuity and intelligence perhaps as never before."

nature be allowed to take its course? To say "yes" meant less trade and that many of its old workers would have to seek new jobs in an already glutted labor market. The company did the sensible and humane thing. They decided to "make their own circumstances"—by manufacturing motor boats. The cabinet makers readily shifted from pianos to boats, and the boats found a ready market. No jobs were lost, and the company's graph of profits began to climb.

Those are two true parables of business. The bench and stool company typifies those men who got less business in 1931 but, like the Irishman selling his pig, thought they would. The piano company is a composite portrait of those courageous souls who went after new business and got it—because of planned effort.

WHAT the world needs most right now is to have the minds of more men and women lifted, jarred, or blasted out of the old think-grooves long enough to acquire new ways of looking at fundamentally old problems. There really is nothing unusual about economic recessions or the problems they bring. The United States has known almost a score of so-called depressions in its short history, and the records of each one shows that those firms survive which best have adapted themselves to new conditions. Adaptation is the law of life whether we consider dinosaurs or department stores.

"... in these days when inventors or chemists can change an industry or an economic slump can paralyze markets overnight."

The present business slump might have meant a severe loss of trade for J. & J. Cash, Inc., of South Norwalk, Connecticut. But it didn't because of intelligent management. This company makes a cloth label with the name of the individual customer woven into it to be sewn on clothes for laundry identification purposes. Naturally, its customers include that army of boys and girls who go to summer camps. But camp registrations, an inquiry early in 1930 revealed, were falling off sharply.

The Cash company might have immediately embarked upon a careful policy of retrenchment—and there are those who would have characterized that course of action as "shrewd." But the Cash executives were not sure that it was necessary. "If," they asked themselves, "our customers aren't going to camp, where are they going?" Whereupon they sallied forth with Sherlock Holmes' methods to find out. Recalling that many children are sent to camps while parents are in Europe, a checkup was made on steamship offices. Bookings had fallen off considerably—which indicated a further loss in woven label business from tourists.

But still the Cash customers were not located. Were they going to stay at home in 1931? Perhaps, opined Frank Goodchild, president of the company, they merely were seeking less expensive vacations. An investigation of cottages and camps showed such to be the case. Rentals were far ahead of normal. A part of the missing customers had been found, and an advertising and sales program was formulated to reach them.

Another source of business was private schools. Long-faced prophets had said there would be a falling off of attendance so, just to make sure that money spent to get this business wasn't going to be wasted, the Cash



company again investigated. This time, the market had not shifted materially, for there was but a slight reduction in registration. The normal effort to get business at private schools was, therefore, continued.

The result of this careful planning and keeping in close touch with potential customers has meant that without changing its product one whit, the Cash company has maintained its sales in face of adverse circumstances. In fact, orders for 1931 were almost identical with the record year of 1929.

It is not unusual, especially in these days when inventors or chemists can change an industry or an economic slump can paralyze markets overnight, for an industry to find that its market has not merely shifted but has actually disappeared as completely as if Aladdin's genie had done the trick. Twice, since it was established in 1899, that has happened to the Kester Solder Company, a Chicago firm. It was through no fault of its own, back in 1914, that canning companies suddenly ceased to seal cans with solder—and that 95% of its business suddenly and completely stopped.

WHAT to do? Rather than to withdraw from the field entirely, officials of the company decided to look about to see if they had overlooked a potential market. They remembered that out in Des Moines, Iowa, an automotive equipment company had been purchasing modest amounts for selling to garages and repair shops. Perhaps here was the nucleus for a market. A "test" advertisement in an automotive trade paper brought encouraging results, and an active campaign was launched to sell solder to homes, to garages, and to industry generally.

To make it easy to use solder, an improved product



Photo: Eugene Hutchinson, Courtesy Colorado Fuel & Iron Company

"The challenge that 'relief is needed now' is matched by the realization of clear-visioned leaders that the one true solution to the unemployment problem is a restoration of profit giving and taking in commerce."

was prepared. Whereas formerly acid was required to corrode the surface so that molten solder would stick to it, a solder was produced with the "flux" in its core. It worked well and the industrial demand rapidly increased. The radio gave it an impetus that carried it far beyond the old canning company demand. Business was going strong, a new plant had been built, when the depression came, and with it another collapse of the market for Kester solder. Neither advertising or sales effort could restore it.

For the second time, Kester officials had to look for new customers. A survey convinced them they might get more business from the kitchen mechanic than they had previously, though of course he would buy but a spool of solder costing a few cents where a factory might have [Continued on page 45]



Photo: Preble

This Month We Honor—

KARL ARNSTEIN (top left), Rotarian, because, while yet a young professor in the universities of Prague, in his native land, Czechoslovakia, he made a reputation as an authority in physical stresses; because as an engineer for the Zeppelin Company, of Germany, he designed numerous airships, including the "Los Angeles"; because since he joined the Goodyear-Zeppelin Company of Akron, Ohio, he designed and built the great airship "Akron."

JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR (top right), 85, the official "Grand Old Man of Maine," and unofficial "dean of American professors," because for sixty-four years he has been teaching Latin to students at Colby College and, not content with having given it a life of service, has started off a \$3,000,000 campaign for a new campus with a \$250,000 gift, not yielding to the temptation of stipulating that a new building be named for him; because he is an honorary member of the Waterville (Maine) Rotary Club.

ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN (right), because his thirty-four years in journalism were high-lighted by success as editor and publisher of the *Boston Herald*; because President Hoover has appointed him, a Boston Rotarian since 1927, to succeed Rotarian Henry Prather Fletcher as chairman of the U. S. tariff commission.



Photo: © by Harris & Ewing

MR. AND MRS. FRANK M. DARST, who for fifty-five years have lived together happily and interestingly. "Daddy" as a boy rode on a horse behind his father to hear one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and still sometimes rides horseback to directors' meetings of the Wynnewood (Oklahoma) Rotary Club of which he is a charter member and now the president. He "worked his way" through old Eureka College, was a prosperous farmer until the panic of 1893. After a successful business career in Illinois and Texas, he now devotes himself to farming and stock raising near Wynnewood. The Darsts have four children.



JOSEPH BIRREN (right), member of the Chicago Rotary Club (No. 1), because he was on the art staff of the official organ of the 1893 Chicago Fair and now has supplied the approved design for stationery of the 1933 "Century of Progress"; because his "technical contribution to the art of landscape painting" has been recognized by the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg with the title "Chevalier de la Ordre Grand Ducal de la Couronne de Chêne," being one of three Americans to have been accorded that honor. (See page 4.)



CLAUDE S. SULLIVAN (lower left), Rotarian of Wewoka, Oklahoma, because as agricultural agent for Seminole county, he prepared the county exhibit which won first honors at the state fair; because his 4H club boys won first place in the state pecan budding demonstration and in the grain judging contests.

GERRISH GASSAWAY (lower right), member of the Rotary Club of Wilmington, Delaware, because as manager of the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce he has had a leading rôle in the developing of that city's resources; because his active association with the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries has led successively to his election as director, second vice president, secretary-treasurer, and now president.





"No Rotarian—be he from the farthestmost corner of the earth—could pass through . . . without feeling a pull at his heartstrings." These children are playing on one of the upper porches, where the sun and fresh air assist weak bodies to grow strong.

They Just Must Get Well

By William Herschell

THE sick, crippled, and under-privileged children of Indiana have found new faith in a hurrying world!

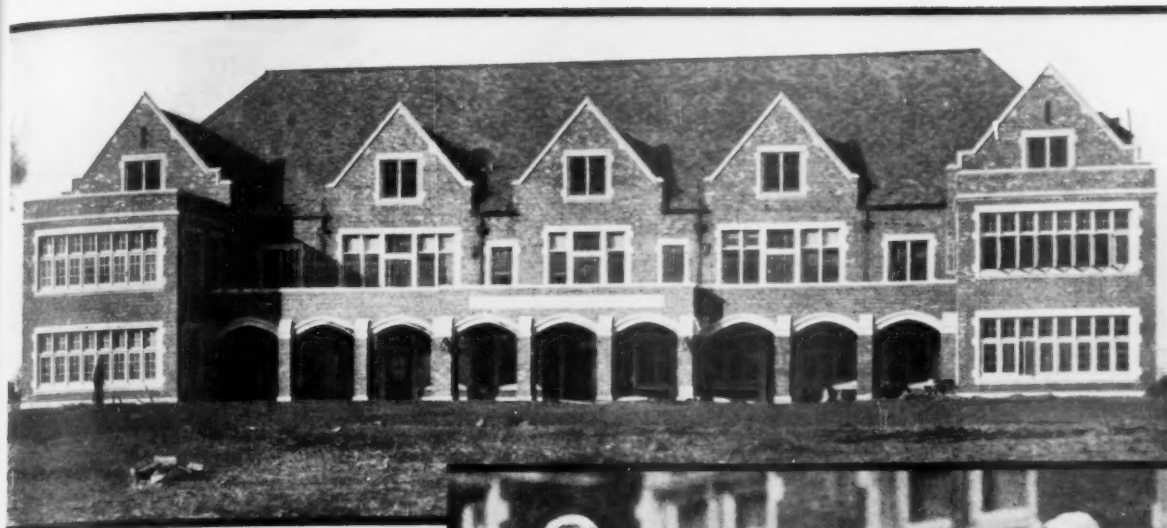
A flower has been made to blossom in their hitherto roseless path, and the fifty-eight Rotary clubs of the Twentieth, or Indiana, district, are the gardeners who have brought them budding hope. Recently there was dedicated in Indianapolis what happily has been christened the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home, an adjunct of the James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Children. Rotary sentiment and Rotarian Jim Riley's poetry are joy-comrades in all that has brought this child-glorious scheme to consummation.

Pretty much of a story this—too much of a narrative to be told in other than the pages of a book. James Whitcomb Riley—idol of American youth—died in Indianapolis in 1916, leaving a heritage of child-love not to be denied a hug. He slipped away one July Saturday night, his memory revered by fellow-Rotarians and a world that loved his song. Friends tucked Riley's mortal element to sleep in a

Rotarians of Indiana subscribed \$276,000 to build a convalescent home for children—a memorial to the late James Whitcomb Riley.

high bed on the topmost eminence of Crown Hill cemetery, Indianapolis, where Benjamin Harrison and many another of his cronies have paused for a night's rest on their way to the kingdom of God. Sleeping here and there over Indiana, too, are the comrades of his younger years—"Old Aunt Mary," "The Happy Little Cripple," "The Raggedy Man," "Lizabeth Ann," and countless other notables he made famous with his pen.

All were waiting for Jim Riley to come and those of us left behind had to find solace in the fact that his songs would live forever. Somehow, to this bard had come a deeper sympathy, a wider love for humanity than is vouchsafed to most men. Just to read the words that tripped from his pen is to be the richer. Indiana is proud of James Whitcomb Riley, yet knows his great soul belongs to the world.



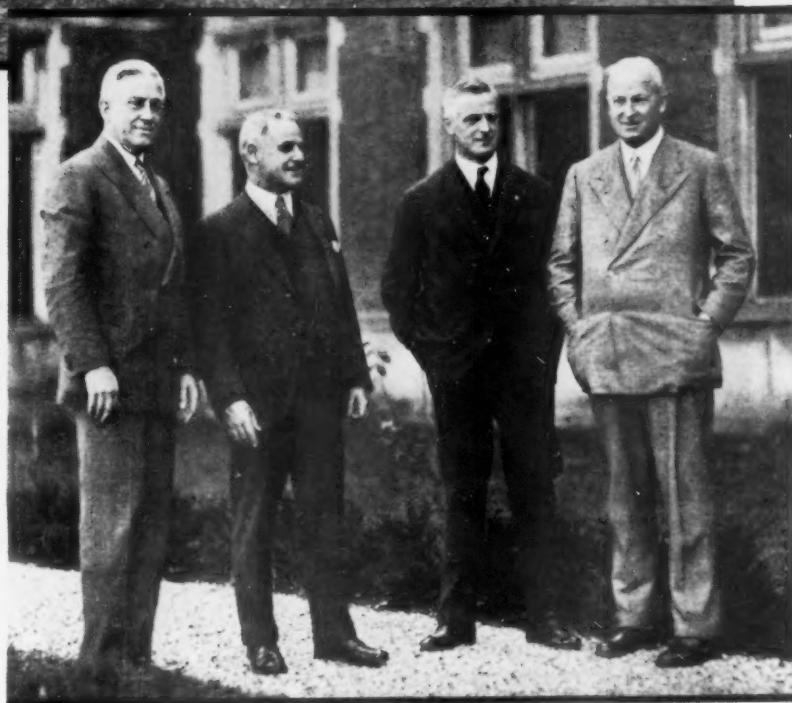
It was a great day for Indiana Rotary when this fine building, the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home, was formally dedicated.

Forgive me quoting my own lines, written after the burial of Riley:

*The hill that nestles him in sleep
Is not a place of voiceless clay,
It is no chasm, depthless deep,
No mountain fastness, cold and gray.
Instead it is The Singing Hill
The ages bade his cradle be,
That though he lie in slumber still—
His voice goes on—eternally!*

Following the passing of Riley a group of his devoted friends, headed by Hugh McK. Landon, an Indianapolis banker, met to formulate plans for the preservation of his old home in Lockerbie street, Indianapolis. There the poet had lived and died, a comfortable and substantial old brick house to which the children had trooped for loving devotion and where intimates gathered of an evening to while away happy hours in his cheery comradeship. The old Lockerbie street house was bought through funds raised by the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Association, the purpose being to make it the center of a children's playground. Just a few doors away, at the present time, is the Day Nursery, where mothers may safely leave their children while they go forth as breadwinners.

Still, something bigger and broader in scope than a playground had to be done in order that memories of Riley might be preserved to the latest day. His friends kept thinking of something to be done in the



"Among those present" were, left to right, these officers of Rotary International: First Vice President Robert E. Heun, of Richmond, Indiana; Third Vice President John Nelson, of Montreal; Edwin Robinson, of Sheffield, England, chairman of the international service committee; and Sir Charles A. Mander, of Wolverhampton, England, international director, former president of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland.

name of "The Happy Little Cripple," that brave youngster who had "curvature of the spine," as Riley's poem tells. Then came the big campaign that led to the building of the James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Children. The hospital became a happy reality—and now we have the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home, from which childhood may pass on its way back to a waiting world. Yes, a world with problems that increasing years must bring, a world that demands health and its necessary fortitude if the battle is to be won!

The legislature of Indiana was in session in 1921

when Hoosier Rotarians assembled in Evansville, for a district conference. A bill was before the legislature asking for an appropriation to build a children's hospital in Indianapolis, a memorial to James Whitcomb Riley, the poet of childhood. The institution was designed to bring health, hope, and happiness to the sick, crippled, and under-privileged children of Indiana—unquestionably a fitting tribute to "Little Orphant Annie" and her friend of friends, "Bud" Riley, as she knew him in those goblin days back in Greenfield.

Among those recognized on the Rotary conference floor by Walter Pittsford, of Indianapolis, then district governor, was John Napier Dyer, of Vincennes, past district governor and later a vice president of Rotary International. With that feeling his heart and voice so fully expresses, John urged the Rotarians of Indiana to "get back of" the proposed James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Children. He presented a resolution for approval and immediately Frank Hatfield, of Evansville, who also has graced the

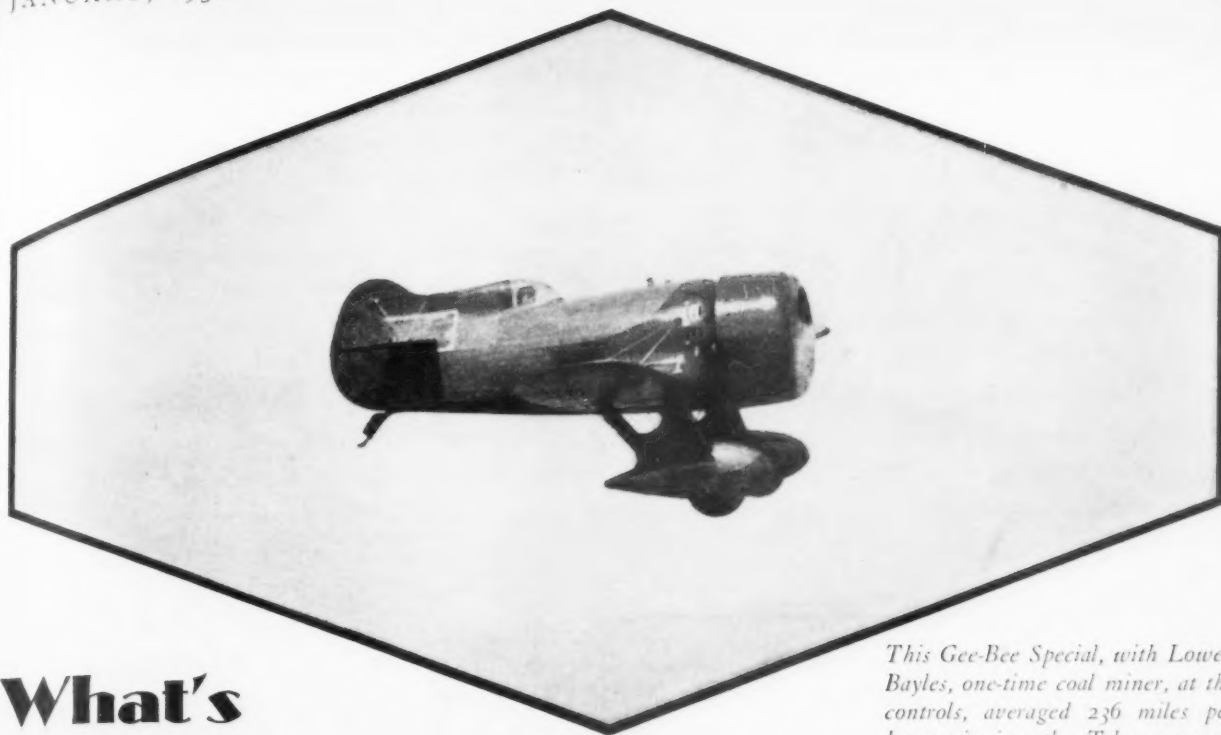
district governor's chair, voiced a second. There was no question of "ayes" and "nays"—the resolution went over with a whoop that is typical of Rotarians when the happiness of children is involved.

Indiana Rotary went to work on the enterprise. The Indiana legislature passed the appropriation bill and the Hoosier Rotarians sought to find what best would be their rôle. They didn't want a small job—and didn't look for it! After due consideration and interviews with the directors of the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Association they found their task and accepted it. There had to be a building, an annex of the hospital, [Continued on page 55]



Here something more than the three R's are taught to recurrent counterparts of "Elizabeth Ann," and "The Happy Little Cripple."

James Whitcomb Riley would have enjoyed slipping quietly into such a group as this. An understanding nurse has taken the children far, far away from smelly hospital rooms to fair make-believe land.



This Gee-Bee Special, with Lowell Bayles, one-time coal miner, at the controls, averaged 236 miles per hour winning the Thompson Trophy Race at the 1931 National Air Show at Cleveland.

What's Ahead for Aviation?

By Colonel Halsey Dunwoody

Vice-President of American Airways, Inc.

WHILE general industry has marked time during 1930 and 1931 the world has come to note aviation as a new and potent civilizing agent on the trail of which will follow material prosperity. Aviation records of 1931 are definite notice to the industrial world that the aviation house has been placed in order and that aviation is becoming an important factor in the world's industrial development.

Aviation is the one commercial-transportation industry that showed a percentage of increase in passenger business for the first nine months of 1931 as compared with the same period in 1930. The air transport industry actually showed a 6.5 per cent increase, while trans-Atlantic steamship lines showed a decrease in business of 18.8 per cent on eastbound service and 43.9 per cent decrease in westbound business. The railroads, in the same nine-month period showed a decrease of 20.5 per cent in business.

I consider the airplane man's greatest achievement, and I believe that it will be the most far-reaching of all developments that we know in the interest of the civilization that man has created. It will continue to knit together national and international

Business and industry are greeting on cordial terms this new and infant industry which is already becoming an important factor in international trade relations.

business activities, politics, and diplomacy through a closer personal contact and control, and have considerable preventive effect as regards international misunderstandings and future exceptional economic depressions.

What's ahead for aviation? We can best judge the future by the past. Glimpsing the future, let us review for a moment the remarkable records that were established by both men and women during 1931 to further the development of the aviation industry.

Flyers of all nations attacked and broke record after record during the year. One pair, Post and Gatty, circled the globe in eight days. Another brace flew from the United States to Istanbul. The Pacific was conquered. The British set up a new speed record of nearly 400 miles an hour. The great German, Eckener, piloted the Graf Zeppelin 5,000 miles from Germany to Brazil, and, shockingly, was all of 20 minutes behind his announced

schedule. The DO-X, giant 12-engined craft, flew to South America and thence to New York.

DOOLITTLE ate breakfast on the Pacific Coast, flew to Cleveland and on to New York and back to Cleveland, and then to St. Louis to "take a nap." He repeated with a record-breaking daylight three-capitol flight from Montreal to Washington to Mexico City. Little Peggy Salaman, 19-year-old London debutant, packed an over-night bag and set out for Cape Town where she arrived six days later to cut 24 hours from the old flight-time. Miss Amy Johnson, of Australia; Miss Ruth Nichols, New York society girl; Miss Winifred Spooner, of London; Miss Eleanor Smith, of New York; Mrs. Victor

Bruce, the Duchess of Bedford, and half a hundred other men and women have, and are still piling up flight records which prove conclusively that time and distance are no longer barriers in business and social life.

These are but a few of the spectacular performances in aviation development during 1931. Meanwhile thousands of men and women were daily engaged in all parts of the world whose work for the industry did not succeed in making page one in the daily press.

A Vatican City dispatch tells me that "Catholic missionaries in all parts of the world are now making regular use of the airplane as a fast and safe means of transport." One case, that of Msgr. Grison, apostolic vicar of Stanleyville, Africa, shows that Msgr. Grison once required 51 days to reach certain parts of his diocese but today, by use of a plane, he can cover his entire field in three days.

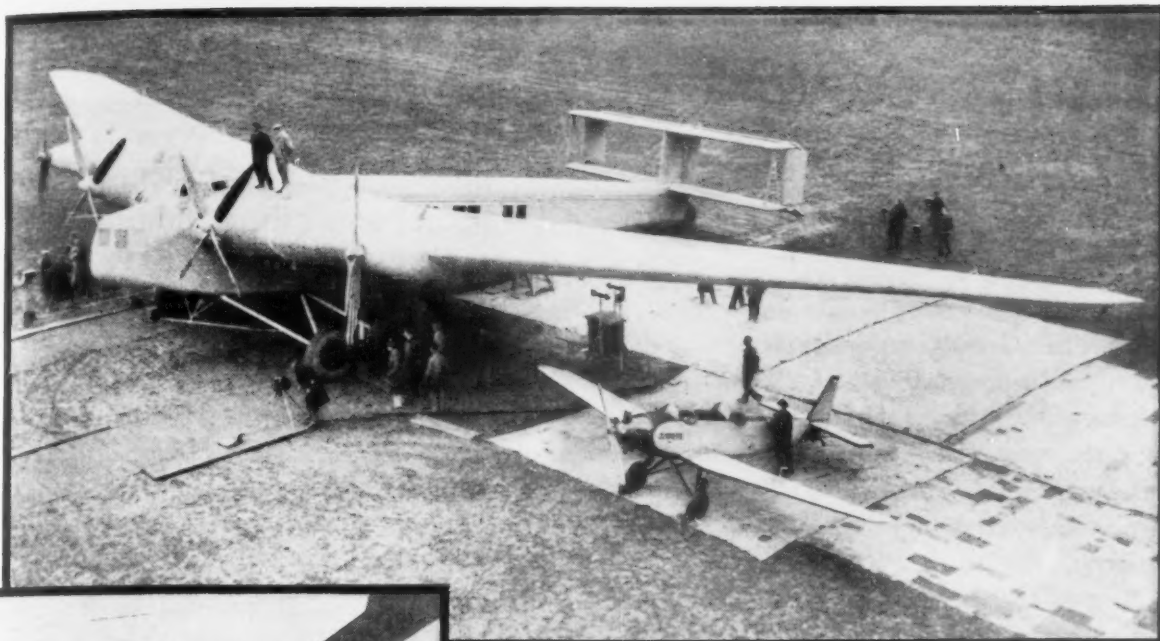
Then there are Claude Grose and Frank Lipka, of the state of Indiana, who are ditch-diggers and who both fly their own planes and use them daily in their travel to and from work and in



Flight Lieutenant George H. Stainforth (standing in seaplane), of the British Royal Air Force, broke all speed records when he attained a speed of 388.6 miles per hour at Calshot, England, September 10th; a speed eight times faster than that of the winner of the first Schneider Trophy race in 1913.

The twelve-motored 600-horse-power Dornier DO-X, giant German flying-boat, in upper New York bay, following a flight from Rio de Janeiro, with intermediate stops.





Germany has been carrying on experiments with a new Junkers plane containing cabins for passengers and four motors all built in the wings.



Mrs. Emilie Martin, Long Island aviatrix, makes a flight alone in an autogiro after two hours instruction in handling this new safety medium.

seeking new business throughout the central part of the United States. For the first time in history the airplane has supplanted the dog and sled in Alaska. During 1931 the post-office department awarded fourteen of the twenty-five mail contracts in Alaska to airline operators.

While thinking of Alaska let me tell you about a great drive of reindeer, 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle, from the Napak-

toolik river to the delta of the Mackenzie—made possible only by the use of the airplane. The Eskimo of Canada has been a problem for years and the Canadian government mindful of the relief given the Alaskan Eskimo, by the United States government, by importation of reindeer from Siberia, ordered 5,000 head delivered from Alaska to the Mackenzie. The contractors arranged with American Airways officials for delivery of 500 tons of foodstuffs and supplies and on December 16, 1929 the drive started. It will be completed early this Spring but during these last 24 months the regular and prompt arrival of the planes to the scene of the drive in those frozen wastes have kept the herders and the charges alive, since by no other means but the airplane could supplies have been laid down.

IN ALL parts of the world the airplane has been used this last year in the saving of human life. Cortin serum taken from cows, and it requires 150 head of cattle for one day's treatment, was flown from Buffalo, N. Y., to Chicago to save the life of a mother of six children who suffered from the little-known, and dreaded, Addison's disease. A daring Alaskan pilot battled a raging blizzard to fly from Fairbanks to the diphtheria-ravaged village of Point Barrow 600 miles away. He made his flight in five and one-half hours. In 1925 Nome was threatened by a similar epidemic. Serum was sent by dog-sled, attracting world-wide attention, but that six-hundred-mile dash required five and one-half days.

During the year 1931 many new air routes were opened in all parts of the world. Existing [Continued on page 53]

"Humdechtyhai!"

By John Nelson

Third Vice-President, Rotary International

KIPLING has given us the picture!

A troopship, homebound, across the Indian Ocean, loaded with the veterans of many wars. A ship priceless in the accumulated experience of long years of service which those on board can offer to the recruits daily coming to the colors. And, therefore, a ship to be carefully navigated.

*"The deck is swept, the day is done,
The bugle's gone for smoke and play,
And black against the setting sun
The Lascar cries, 'Humdechtyhai!'"*

Simply the cry of the look-out man far out on the bow of the ship with its reassurance to those on deck and to the captain on the bridge; a guarantee that every human precaution is being taken to keep the ship on a safe and proper course:

"'Humdechtyhai'—I'm looking out; I'm looking out!"

Ours is such a ship—the good ship, "Rotary International." She has recently come off the ways at the Semmering from her annual survey and overhaul by those who represent her owners. She has been carefully gone over by the technicians in the shops at Chicago. She is off on a world cruise, her hull strengthened, her engines reconditioned, her equipment brought up to date. The ship itself lacks nothing. For more than a quarter of a century her builders and owners have spared neither energy nor money to keep her the clipper ship of the seas.

She is loaded to the Plimsoll mark with products gathered from the wide and fruitful fields of fellowship. She carries a fresh stock to replenish the *entrepôts* of service about the globe. Her cargo is a unique one, serving equally every people and every clime, for it meets a universal need. Some would add to the ship's manifest material, inflammable under given conditions, which would make the ship dangerous and unwelcome in certain ports. Others would overload her with products of the activity in which they are specially interested and give the ship a dangerous list which would make it a grotesque, rather than an impressive, figure on the high seas.

Some New Year reflections on the great possibilities ahead for the world voyage of the "Good Ship Rotary," with a warning as to hidden reefs and evil currents.

One of the newer products in the cargo is viewed with misgivings by some because they feel it should be carried by ships belonging to the Political Line. Others again would add special cargo, for which there is no room in the hold, for which special provision would have to be made, or which might injuriously affect the goods already below hatches. So constant care and scrutiny has to be exercised to see that the whole cargo is not endangered.

BUT it is the ship's course which must always give the greater concern. This is a real world cruise. The ship is bound for lands which, previously, she has barely touched. She will enter ports where she has never been. Those countries which need her most and which are most loudly calling her can be reached only through uncharted and dangerous waters. There has been a world disturbance which has removed age-old headlands and has caused upheavals in the bed of the ocean itself. New and hidden reefs, treacherous currents, and contrary tide rips, where formerly there was smooth water—all these have to be encountered. Old beacons have disappeared and new ones are showing lights which are white where there is reason to believe they should flash red.

The ship has been carefully manned for such contingencies. The skipper is of a race with centuries of experience in the seas of the world. He is assisted by a band of seasoned navigators, many of whom have, themselves, done their trick at the wheel. They have learned to know and trust one another and to work intelligently and effectively together. Among the first officers are men with special local knowledge of most of the areas to be traversed. But even these must depend on the individual experience and counsel of Rotarians now scattered in as many lands as the allotted years in the Psalmist's span of life.

Old charts are obsolete and can no longer be trusted. There will be all kinds of voices from the

shore, some friendly and others unfriendly, dictating the course. Some clamour for higher speed, not realizing the perils of the course and ignoring the same old rule of the sea, "Make time if you can, but bring back the ship."

THOSE who navigate the ship listen much more anxiously for voices from the look-out—from thousands of stations on the ship, for it is the men in the crow's-nest who first see what the captain ought to know. All the information that Rotary has in her wheel-house, all the charts by which her course is steered, is the knowledge which has been gathered on former voyages, and the matured wisdom resulting from that experience. The success or failure of this—as of every—voyage, depends largely on how alert the look-out is to discern the proper course and how prompt and intelligent it is in sharing that knowledge with the bridge.

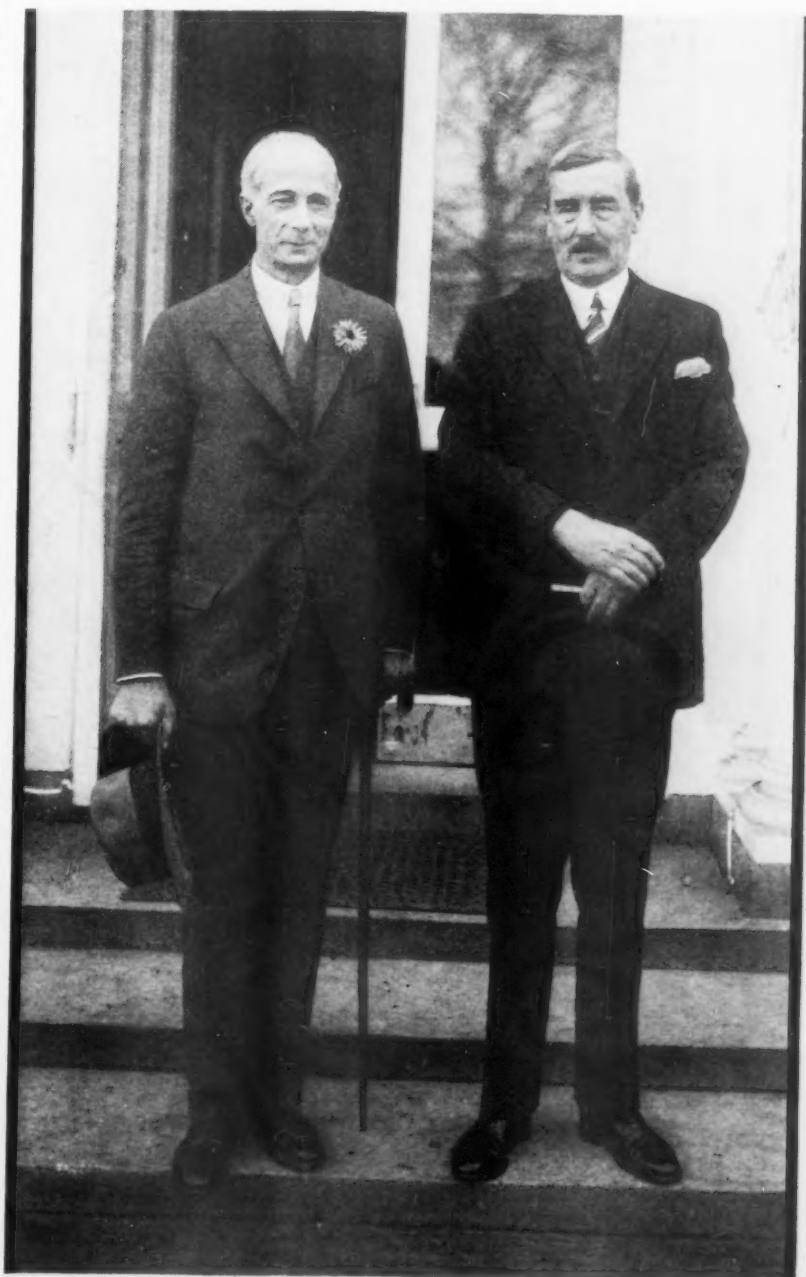
As so often in the past, Destiny is bearing this ship into far seas. These are full of the lure of the unexplored; they are fraught, too, with the responsibilities and peril which attend all worth-while exploration. We are not in the placid waters of the Indian Ocean, but in rough water—in the long swell following the war.

Never did those in official posts require more humble or more receptive minds; never more courage. But the task is not theirs only. Rotary has no Sinai, delivering infallible directions and doctrines. It merely attempts, in the main, to assimilate the experiences, the observations, the deductions—in short, the wisdom—of its members, gleaned in the realm of fellowship and service everywhere, and to reduce them to a working formula for the benefit and the guidance of all. If it is to be world wide it must become world wise. It must welcome longer horizons and accord-

ingly expand its sympathies as well as its ambitions. In every city and hamlet where it exists it must bring to its tasks more of that world vision which transcends tribal loyalties and breaks over all national boundaries. This may mean a simplified philosophy.

Rotary faces a new and troubled day. It may be the appointed Day for this organization. But Rotary will know and improve its Day only if throughout its whole body every problem is met with clear and fearless vision—if, indeed, all its unit bodies have the spirit and attitude of the Lascar in the ship's bow:

"Humdechtyhai," he says. "I'm looking out; I'm looking out!"



Sydney W. Pascall (left) of London, president of Rotary International and Sir Ronald Lindsay, ambassador to the United States from Great Britain, leaving the White House after an informal visit with President Hoover.



Photo
Years of
Hawaii

Honolulu (on the Island of Oahu) is capital of the Territory of Hawaii, and one of the world's most modern cities. Here business is transacted, but never in too great a hurry. The palm trees suggest the never-distant beach, while always in the background are mountains.

Leis* Await You in Hawaii

JUST how first-time visitors to Hawaii, "land of smiles, flowers, and sunshine," are going to focus their minds on serious problems at the Pacific Rotary Conference, to be held at Honolulu, June 12-15, is not the least of the problems facing those in charge. Advance reports of the program, however, indicate that speakers and special attractions will offer effective competition even to the lures of famed Waikiki beach.

This, the fourth of the Pacific conferences, will be a homecoming for the first one was held at Honolulu in 1926. Two years later, another one was convened at Tokyo. The third was held at Sydney, Australia, in 1930 with a record registration of 736.

The first day of the conference at Honolulu falls on Sunday, June 12. The forenoon will be devoted to registration, and the evening to entertainment.

Among the tentative numbers which are being

considered for the program of the second day are an address from a representative of Rotary International; brief speeches on the rapid development of Rotary in Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Australia, New Zealand, South America, and North America; a round-table on immigration; an address and discussion on international barriers; a demonstration of Esperanto; and an address on Rotary problems in the Pacific.

Among the suggestions for the third day, Tuesday, June 14, are a consideration of "exchange of youth"; present-day communication in the Pacific area; community advertising; Australian Problems; "International Travel and Rotary in Japan"; disarmament; Rotary opportunities in the Pacific. Then for the evening there is being planned a "Pageant of Nations," magnificent in proportions, strikingly beautiful in color and movement.

The last day, Wednesday, June 15, will be given over to the completion of business of the conference, and to closing addresses.

*Note—It is an old Hawaiian custom to place about the neck of an honored guest, many flowery garlands called *Leis* (plural of lei, pronounced lay-eee). See illustrations on pages 28-29.

Rotary Around the Pacific

By George T. Armitage

ADVERTISERS often argue about "white space." One school holds that a small amount of type matter conspicuously displayed in a sea of surrounding white space, makes the more effective display "ad," while the other school claims that the advertiser should make full use of all space purchased by cramming it to the limit with "copy."

Now, geographers admit that the largest connected expanse of white space on any printed map is the Pacific ocean which reaches from pole to pole and comprises a large part of the globe's surface. The fact that it isn't all cluttered up with islands or continents, makes New Zealand and Australia, the Philippines, China, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, and the whole Pacific Coast down past the United States mainland, Mexico, Central and South America, stand out more boldly in relief. This advantage, however, has made for isolation and the resulting need for some common medium of meeting and friendly intercourse.

Before the advent of Rotary in the Pacific, the need of some special organization in the Pacific to bridge the wide expanse of white space became apparent, and largely through the energy and enthusiasm of Alexander Hume Ford, a hands-around-the-Pacific movement grew into the Pan-Pacific Union of today. And out of the Pan-Pacific Union and its numerous commercial and scientific conferences, sprang another altruistic group, the Institute of Pacific Relations, which discusses the problems and the commerce of its member countries frankly and unencumbered by diplomacy.

Nevertheless, when trans-Pacific steamers discharged their visitors at the crossroads in Honolulu, Hawaii, formerly there were few channels of contact between the visitor and the local resident. If the visitor had a letter of introduction, he would, of course, be taken into the island whirl immediately. But if he had no such entree, were he the finest of fellows, he might remain in the islands for months without becoming acquainted with anyone but shopkeepers, hotel folks, and chauffeurs with whom he did business. Various fraternal organizations, and

Wearers of the Cogged Wheel will converge upon Hawaii, June 12-15, to discuss methods of promoting international understanding.

the churches offered a few other opportunities for close acquaintanceship, but very few. The average visitor simply did not get to know the average citizen, either of Hawaii or of other countries, sojourning in Hawaii, and consequently each was just a bit suspicious of the other, and more than a bit lonesome.

Then came Rotary.

AS Rotary clubs began to pop up in the principal centers of the Antipodes and the Orient, more visitors with the little cogged wheel in the lapel began dropping into the crossroads where other folks from America, from Canada, from South America, also with the little round wheel, were to be found. If they hadn't met before—in hotel lobby or at shipping office or on the beach or golf course—they became acquainted at a regular weekly luncheon in Honolulu or Hilo. This contact didn't necessarily mean that they immediately became firm friends for life, but it afforded men of similar likes the opportunity to discover each other to their mutual pleasure.

Several Rotarians of the Pacific claim credit for the Pacific Rotary Conference idea, and probably several deserve that credit, for it is an idea that was born of several desires for the same end. Active steps, however, were instituted by a group of Australian Rotarians returning to their homes via Honolulu, after an international convention. Having witnessed the beneficial influences of Rotarians gathering together by thousands from most of the leading countries on earth, they visualized how desirable it would be for Pacific Rotarians to stage a get-together all their own.

The suggestion was passed on to Rotarians in Honolulu who relayed it to other clubs in the Pacific. The idea proved so popular from its inception, that Rotary International was petitioned to authorize and call a Pacific Rotary Conference. International officers grasped the idea quickly and responded imme-

diately. Honolulu, being so centrally located for all concerned, was chosen as the setting for the first conference which convened there in 1926.

For the first time in the history of the Pacific, its various people got together in a single room, laughed and joked and sang and talked together on social and economic subjects, not as representatives of governments or sections, but as members of a common order, promoting a common cause—friendship. Leaders of Rotary in New Zealand and Australia, in China and Japan, met with a special delegation which came down from North America. Suddenly each sectional group began to learn something about his neighbor. Learning about him was liking him, for Rotary the world over, regardless of color, race or creed, selects men of about the same high standards, and the same classifications. In a day or two statesmen and professional men were calling each other by their first names.

JAPAN was awarded the second Pacific Rotary conference in 1928. And what a fine crowd of good fellows, their families, and their friends gathered in Tokyo in October of that year! From all points of the compass Rotarians trekked towards the Island Empire. They came from Manila, from Tientsin, from Mexico City, from Hilo, from Hoquiam, from Dunedin and Brisbane, to name only a few clubs around the great circle. A fine crowd came up from New Zealand and Australia to join the delegation from America,

Honolulu Rotarians go en fête when visiting delegations come to town.



Photo: News of Hawaii

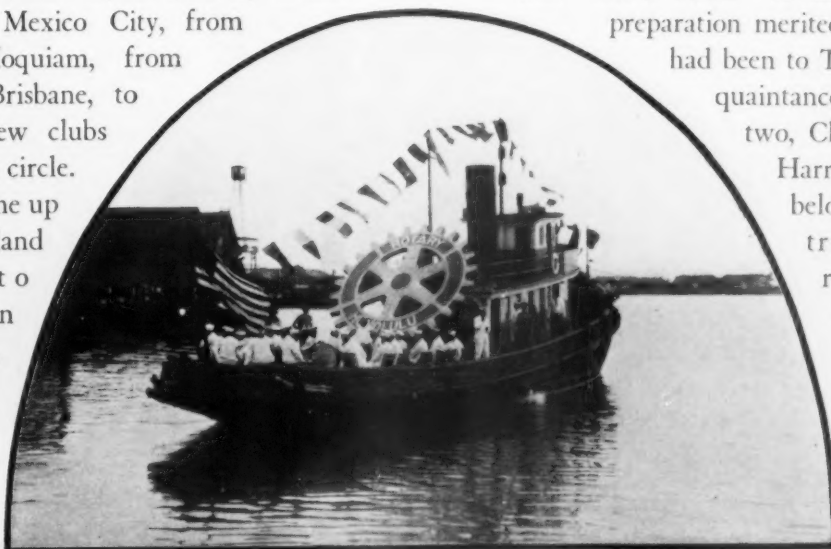
all converging at Hawaii, where another large party had assembled. Regular Rotary meetings were held daily all the way to Japan. Many had met before at the First Pacific Rotary meeting, or at local meetings, and new acquaintances were made that were to last a lifetime.

The party from America was signally honored by the presence of "Tom" Sutton, then president of Rotary International, and Japan was particularly pleased because hers was the only Pacific Rotary meeting attended by the highest official of Rotary. How the Japanese nation from the imperial family down took full cognizance of the convention and tendered a round of lavish entertainment and official courtesies which fairly took the

visiting delegates' breath away, is now a chapter of Rotary history. It is a chapter that will never be forgotten, a chapter that wrote the word "friendship" more indelibly and in large and unmistakable type across the vast white space of the Pacific.

Sydney, Australia, made a strong bid for the Third Pacific Rotary Conference in 1930, thus assuring the life of the movement. The month selected proved difficult for some Rotarians and not as many attended the Australian gathering as the warmth of the reception "down under" or the thoroughness of preparation merited. But many who

had been to Tokyo, renewed acquaintanceship here; and two, Charlie Rhodes and Harry Guthrie, greatly beloved apostles of true friendship, registered 100% for they were the only ones who had also attended the first two conferences. [Cont'd on page 45]



Hawaiï— Crossroads of the Pacific

THE eight islands of the Hawaiian group were put on the map by Captain Cook in 1778—and have since been there ever since.



Photos: (above and right): *News of Hawaii*

The hula dance with its swishing grass skirts (above) is one of the native customs that has survived from the days when famous Queen Liliuokalani was on the throne of her island kingdom, then often called the Sandwich Isles. David Kaapuauwaokamehameha (below) has a welcome for the visitor as hearty as his name is long. He lives in the manner of his ancestors in a grass hut about thirty miles from Honolulu.



Photos (right and left): *Hawaii Tourist Bureau*

the Pacific

of the Hawaiian
the map by ap-
and have on-
ere extra

Modernization plus a balmy climate led one humorist to call it "paradise with American plumbing."

At its own request Hawaii was annexed by the United States in 1898.



Photo: Hawaii Tourist Bureau

Cruising off Waikiki in a Hawaiian outrigger canoe (above) and bathing will vie for the Rotarian's spare time at the Pacific conference. Some may ride surfboards, but few can duplicate the feat of this expert (left).



The blind news vendor (above) seems to have caught the hula spirit. His flowery lei may not be so long as the maiden's to the left, but he makes up for that by wearing two.

Popular with tourists is this grinning son of Hawaii. Coconuts fresh from the palm tree are his stock in trade.

Photo: News of Hawaii





This Laughing World

By Carlo Bos

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

CHARLES LAMB was once advised by his doctor to take a walk every morning on an empty stomach.

"Yes," was the essayist's quick response, "but on whose?"

Men for four generations have been chuckling at this bit of repartee, and who can measure the good it has done! Humor lubricates the frictions of living, and it is no wonder men cherish it.

But just what is humor? Definitions are vague. In the years my curiosity has been piqued by the subject, I have consulted English, Italian, German, French, Chinese, Russian, and Spanish authors, so that my ideas on the subject are drawn from many, not any one person. "I have milked many cows, but the cheese I offer is mine."

Humor, this reading has shown me, is as variegated as humanity itself to which it appeals. There is the commercialized humor of the press and stage. There is the humor that lowers the standard of humanity and there is the humor that refines the sympathies, corrects faults and shortcomings, and elevates standards. There is the humor of the book

which spreads itself over hundreds of pages. And then there is the humor condensed into jokes and repartee such as service clubs enjoy at weekly meetings.

There are few qualities of the human mind in which we are more interested than the sense of humor. People will frankly admit that they are short-sighted or color-blind, that they cannot swim, that they have no taste for cards or sports, or take no interest in literature, but you will never hear anyone confess to a lack of humor. On the contrary, everybody flatters himself that, though he may lack the gift to raise a laugh, he can at least appreciate a joke.

OFTEN we criticize the humor of our neighbor in the delusion that our own is of a superior quality. It is a strange quirk of human nature, but each nation seems to regard its own kind of humor as best, and will but reluctantly admit that other people also may have the gift of drawing a smile or appreciating a joke.

An English writer, for example, has written that Italians lack a sense of humor. But ask an Italian, and you will learn of a pride in a champagne-like effervescence of mind which he quite seriously considers the soul of truly fine humor. He will show you pages of exquisite humor in works of Farina, Pirandello, Albertazzi, Manzoni and F. D. Guerrazzi. The latter's "L'Asino" is a mine of laughter.

During the Great War, a learned French psychologist in erudite prose asserted that Germans were utterly devoid, among other excellent qualities, of humor. But not long ago a German magazine writer, under the caption "Von Deutschen Humor," expatiated thus:

"Sentiment is an indispensable condition of the mind for the success of genuine humor; and as sentiment is known to be the special gift of the



Germans, it is clear why our people and our poets are so superior with regard to humor to those of the Latin races. The French language is as sharp as a sword blade . . . and since the language of a people is to a great extent the expression of its character, we are not far from the truth in saying that Frenchmen have logic, wit and satire . . . but little humor."

That seems to settle the question definitely, but it does not. Hear what George Eliot, herself a humorist of great merit, has to say. "German humor generally shows no measure, no instinctive tact; it is either foundering and clumsy and interminable as the antics of a leviathan, or laborious and interminable as a Lapland day, in which one loses all hope that the stars and quiet will ever come. . . . A German comedy is like a German sentence: you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of providence rather than of the author. . . ."

While I have no profound acquaintance with German literature of humor, the fact no German humorist has attained world fame does not prove the Germans are deficient in wit. It merely shows, as in the case of wurst and sauerkraut, they have restricted their production [Continued on page 46]



Seattle—Your Host in June!

The official call for the Twenty-third Annual Convention of Rotary International at Seattle, Washington, June 20-24, 1932.

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL will hold its Twenty-third Annual Convention at Seattle, Washington, U. S. A., next June on the shores of that great Pacific Basin where so many peoples pursue their various ways. Almost half way round the world from our last convention city, we shall meet at one of the gateways to those great world routes of commerce and travel, which are serving to bring East and West closer together. The Seattle Convention will serve Rotarians of the world as a common meeting-ground where they can come to know and understand each other better.

It is my very great pleasure as well as my duty to issue this, the Official Call, for the Twenty-third Annual Convention of Rotary International.

Just as each Rotarian is expected to be present at every meeting of his Rotary club, so is it an obligation of each Rotary club to be represented at the annual convention. Any Rotary club failing in representation at two successive conventions of Rotary International without excuse acceptable to the Board of Directors of Rotary International, forfeits its charter in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws. These provisions of the Constitution were adopted to impress upon Rotarians and Rotary clubs their responsibility for attendance at, and participation in, the annual legislative gathering of Rotary International when its program is adopted and its officers are chosen.

It is important to have a culminating point in the year's work, at which the progress made during the year may be evaluated and plans drawn for the future in the light of experience. The annual convention also provides the one opportunity of the year for Rotary clubs and individual Rotarians to take a directive

and positive part in the administration and development of Rotary International.

A Rotary club is entitled to representation at the annual convention on the basis of one delegate with one vote for each fifty of its members or major fraction thereof. Every Rotary club is entitled to at least one delegate.

ANY Rotary club, in any country other than the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, is entitled to have its delegates represented by proxy in the person of any active member of a club in the same country; or where there are ten or less in a country, by any active member of a club in another country, provided there is no delegate in attendance from its own country or district. A proxy must be identified by a certificate, signed by the president and secretary of the club he represents.

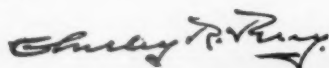
Each delegate, except delegates by proxy, must be an active member of the club he represents. He must be identified by a certificate as to his selection, signed by the president and secretary of the club he represents, or if he is a proxy, by the same officers of the club he represents as a proxy.

Each Rotarian in attendance and each member of his party sixteen years of age or over, is required to register and pay a registration fee of five dollars in United States currency or its equivalent.

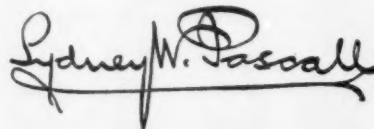
We are privileged to serve, each in his own modest way, and all together, in a world-wide demonstration of the power of good-will. We can, in our convention at Seattle, give renewed hope to the peoples of the world that good-will founded upon understanding is gaining ground and that humanity is advancing in the development of the friendships which are the source of so much happiness.

1 January, 1932

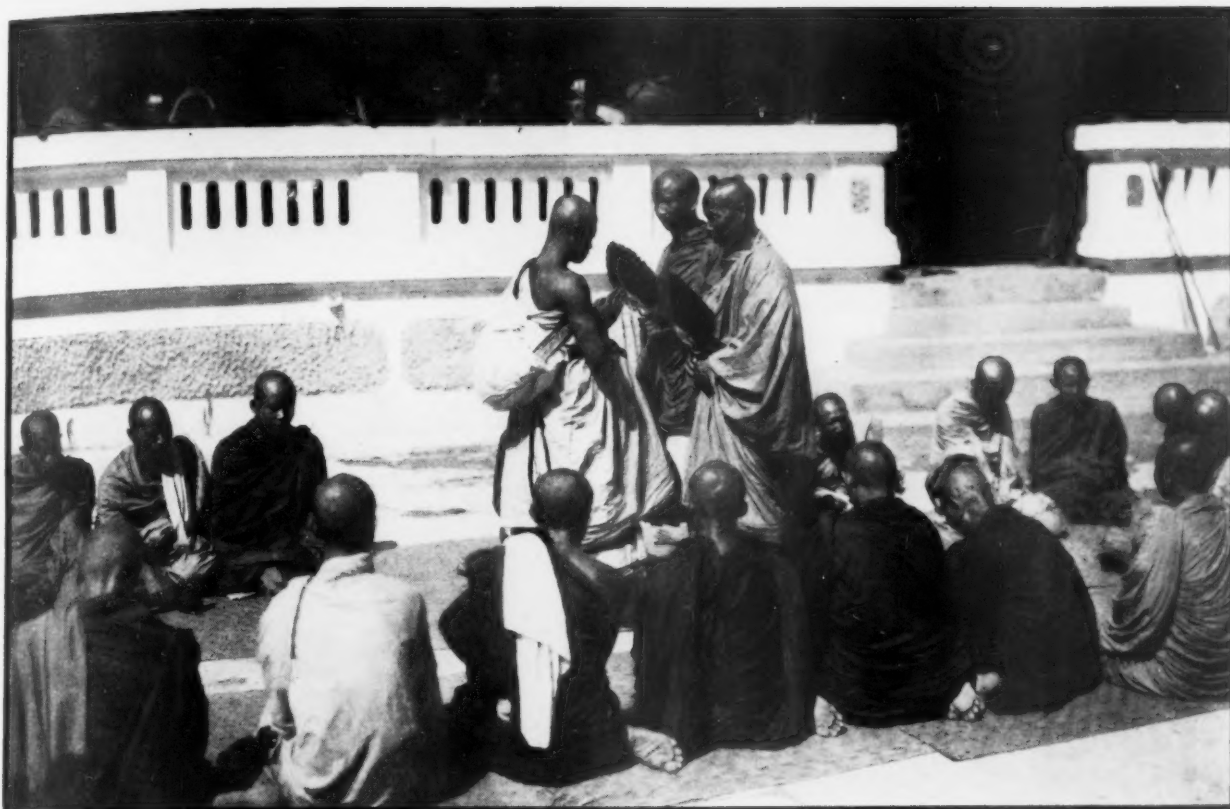
Attest:



Secretary, Rotary International



President, Rotary International



All photos: Gouvernement Général Indochine

Buddhism is the chief religion of French Indo-China. The two old priests of Laos are reciting the commandments to the neophyte as a part of his ordination ceremony.

Off the Beaten Track Again

By Lillian Dow Davidson

MERE geographical names oftentimes produce magical effects, conjuring into being alluring mental pictures—alas, too seldom realized when actually on the spot! For some inexplicable reason the name “Indo-China” held some such fascination for me. It might have been, too, that its charm was enhanced by its being one of the lesser known spots in an already well-explored world, well off the beaten track of travel.

So when it came time to turn our backs upon Angkor and its unforgettable ruins, far up in northern Cambodia, and the rest of Indo-China lay before us yet to be revealed, I had a secret little fluttering of elation.

Furthermore it was not until we were actually within the country itself that we realized what an erroneous impression the world at large has of French Indo-China. It has so long been regarded as

French Indo-China—land of rice fields and mountains—is larger than France. Its fascinating scenery lures the traveler on and on . . .

small and unimportant, but we found here a great area over 70,000 squares miles larger than France, working its way quietly, efficiently, one might almost say silently, under the French. French Indo-China is made up of five states, the French protectorates of Cambodia, Annam, Tong King, and Laos, and the French colony of Cochin-China, the combined area of which contain twenty million people, about half that of France.

The big passenger bus rolled along over a well-constructed highway between Angkor and Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, and running through the very heart of this kingdom. Cambodia lay stretched out, a vast plain, flooded during this season

of the great rains by the annual overflow of the Mekong river, as important to Cambodia as the Nile is to Egypt. It deposits a rich alluvium over the land which means a good, fat harvest of rice. Indo-China is one of the great rice-growing regions of the world. The little brown rice growers are an amphibious people, just as happy, as contented, and as much at home working knee-deep in the flooded paddy fields as they are on dry land. Existence means little more to them than the growing of this cereal. It encompasses their whole lives, even entering into their religion.

Pnom-Penh is one of those hybrid Asiatic cities that prove contrary to one's preconceived ideas. It is a pretty place; the pnom or hill in the center is surmounted by a monastery and a heaven-pointing, needle-like stupa. A beautiful public garden spreads its wealth of bright green foliage at its foot. Fine public buildings, hotels, clubs, broad tree-lined avenues, and homes nestling amidst lovely trees, make it a livable place for the 1,300

"The little brown rice growers are an amphibious people, just as happy, as contented, and as much at home working knee-deep in the flooded paddy fields as on dry land."



"Women of Indo-China wear big, umbrella-like hats made of palm leaves. They are as light as a feather."



Frenchmen who live there. The rest of the 83,000 of its people, in the order of their numbers, are made up of Cambodians, Chinese, Annamites, Malays, and a few Indians.

The French, as might be expected from such an art-loving people, have endeavored to protect all that remains of Cambodian or ancient Khmer art and architecture which they found in the land at the time of their occupancy. All the treasures which have been dug up in Cambodia are housed in a picturesque and most excellent museum. With praiseworthy zeal the French are endeavoring to instruct the modern youth of Cambodia in the arts and crafts of their ancestors, using the museum pieces, made when Khmer art was at its height,

as models. In the spacious quarters of the school which is at the rear of the museum, can be seen classes in drawing, painting, sculpture, wood-carving, and working in metal. Throughout Indo-China, the French to a notable degree are recognizing and developing the talent latent in these people.

Across the River Mekong which divides the city in two parts, the French have built interesting bridges, exact replicas of those now found in ruins at Angkor. The wide seven headed cobra, the predominant motif at Angkor, decorates the ends and the long sinuous body forms the balustrades. In fact Pnom-Penh with its delightful museum and its bridges forms a sort of educational stepping-stone to the ruins at Angkor.

It would have to be a hardened tourist, indeed, who, upon arriving at Pnom-Penh, would not at once make a dash to secure a permit to enter the palace compound of King Sisowathmonivong of Cambodia. Afterwards you laugh at your extreme haste. There is something so infinitely pathetic about these ancient and tottering oriental monarchies, like Cambodia. They remind me of an old woman who

refuses to acknowledge her age but who still clutches desperately at the coat tails of youth and firmly believes she has deceived the world when she covers her wrinkles with much paint and powder. Possibly a more favorable impression might be made upon a traveller coming by the [Continued on page 50]

Ruins throughout Indo-China testify to the art of the Khmer people which the French are endeavoring to restore. This crumbling heap pictured at the right is the Tower Cham in Annam protectorate.



This map shows Indo-China with the route traversed by the Davidsons in traveling from Angkor to Hong Kong.

*Map by
Ben Albert
Benson*

The ROTARIAN

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Editorial Comment

The Pacific Conference

ROTARIANS have long subscribed to the doctrine that one of the best remedies for some of the worries of society is a simple meeting around a table for a frank and friendly chat. The table may shrink to a speaker's rostrum or be elongated to banquet-board dimensions—it makes no difference if fellowship runs strong. Then great problems take on understandable proportions, and "foreign devils" become men who are, withal, very sincere and startlingly like ourselves.

It should occasion little surprise among Rotarians, therefore, to learn that the biennial Pacific Rotary conferences are exerting a lustily growing influence for cordial understanding—with wholesome economic repercussions—among those lands whose shores are washed by the Pacific. Frequent testimony comes to hand of the salutary effects of these gatherings. The latest is from a well-informed Japanese who reports that the three conferences already held have contributed so markedly to better relations between Japan and Australia as to become a matter of comment in Japanese government circles.

International conferences called by governments frequently are unable to accomplish their commendable purposes because of the sheer bulk of diplomatic impedimenta. Officials are loath to become specific, for as officials they must speak not their own minds, but the determined policy of their governments. It is not so with area conferences of Rotarians. They have no such handicap, but rather the advantage of common business and professional interests resting on the broad base of fellowship. Here individuals, untrammelled by red-tape and unctuous formality, may speak as individuals. The Rotary wheel having smoothed the way, lasting friendships of an international flavor are rapidly formed.

Perhaps not since 1926 when the First Pacific Rotary Conference convened at Honolulu has the Far East been so shocked through with sullen problems,

both economic and political. To suppose that Rotarians who gather at Honolulu again in June will be able to untangle any of them, is, of course, the sheerest of optimism. Indeed, this gathering has not been called with that purpose in mind. The Fourth Pacific Rotary Conference will have succeeded richly if, when the final gavel is sounded, delegates take away a clearer understanding of some basic facts pertaining to international relations and, above all, a new measure of good-will for their fellows.

Solace in Books

ACCORDING to a recent report of the American Library Association, never have the reading-rooms of the libraries been so crowded with readers. They are asking for books of all kinds, but they particularly want literature on the causes of the depression, vocational readjustment, trades and occupations, and information on family budgets.

Books seemingly have taken on a new significance, especially for the unemployed. They are turning to the printed page to keep up their morale, for here they find courage and a steadying influence.

Executive Direction

HOW rare is the really good executive! There are many executives who are successful in the sense that the businesses they direct are successful, but few indeed succeed in eliciting from their subordinates the best they can give in initiative, enthusiasm, and energy.

We are prone to forget that there are two kinds of compensation in business. The first is salary in the form of money; the second is the satisfaction a man takes in his work. If a man enjoys his work and takes satisfaction in it, he will put into that work twice as much real effort as he would otherwise.

It is important, therefore, that we pay men this measure of satisfaction. It costs nothing; it yields

rich returns. When it is lacking, the lesser effort is in no way deliberate. The conscientious man still tries to render his best service, but there is lacking in it that precious element of zest, which cannot be manufactured artificially.

To get the best out of men we must give them responsibility; delegate to them authority within certain specified limits. We should watch their performance as closely as might be desired. We should criticize their faults and reprimand them for mistakes above the human average in number or magnitude. But on the other hand, we should make a point of commending accomplishment. There is sound basis for complaint when employees can say with justice: "The chief never fails to call us on things which go wrong, but there is never a word said about things which go especially well."

Advice—Not Orders

A MAN who is head of an important department of a fast-growing business was telling of his relations with the president of his company. "When I first joined the organization the president outlined clearly my duties and responsibilities. He said I had been employed because of experience and demonstrated ability in my field, and he expected to give me a real opportunity to do worth-while work in the new connection. So that he might be informed, he would be glad to have me discuss with him any problems of major importance.

"From time to time he showed his interest in the work being done and in some cases voiced his approval. Now and then he would say: 'Now, this item is not as I would have handled it,' but upon my suggestion that we should change, he would smile and say: 'No, in this field I consider your judgment better than mine. Leave it as it now is.'

"When I would take to him for discussion some important question, he would listen thoughtfully, ask whether I had thought of this or that aspect of the case, recall to mind some similar experiences in the earlier history of the organization, ask a number of questions. When he had brought into the discussion all the considerations which might bear on the decision, I would ask his instructions as to the course I should pursue. 'Ah,' said he, 'that is for you to determine. It is your department, you know, and I am holding you responsible for results.'

"Of course, he had made clear in a very subtle way what he considered the path of wisdom. But how much more interest I had in the matter when the formal decision was left in my hands."

This is guidance, in the best sense. If you do not

have assistants with whom you can deal in this manner, perhaps you should replace them by others on whom you can depend.

This president did not congest his desk with detail. He delegated authority and kept a considerable portion of his time free for thinking about the future development of his business.

Youth and Patriotism

VISITORS to the United States, especially those coming from Europe, are often perplexed at what seems to be two attitudes, each at variance with the other. On one hand they find many Americans holding the belief that unquestionably next week—if not this week—universal peace will prevail. But in the same breath, the American will stand erect, sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and assert "My Country, Right or Wrong."

In the first instance the attitude of hopeful expectancy of immediate world peace results chiefly from lack of appreciation of the almost insurmountable difficulties that stand in the way of a friendly understanding among the nations of Europe. The average citizen of the Western Hemisphere lacks an appreciation of the deep-rooted traditions which move the races of Europe. Five hundred years ago America had not been discovered. But in Europe five hundred years ago is only yesterday. The hates and fears of yesterday are not so easily forgotten today.

The "My country, right or wrong" attitude is more easily explainable. American schoolbooks—as, indeed, the schoolbooks of most other countries—paint a colorful picture of the glory of war in which the overtones are always cast in favor of the homeland. To tell the truth about war would be to do justice to both sides. That would never do. The inquisitive youth might gain an understanding of war as it really is—the mud and the filth and the gangrene of trench life. And thus the cause of super-patriotism would be weakened.

There are signs though that youth is finding his own road through the tangled growth of misrepresentation and propaganda. Remarque's book, "All Quiet on the Western Front" and plays such as "Journey's End" are effectively, if slowly, dispelling the glorious war legend. Youth is changing its outlook, even though the war tradition dies hard.

The coming disarmament conference at Geneva in February is a move in the direction of world peace. There leadership will be put to a severe test. Mothers and fathers everywhere—who after all pay the staggering cost of war—look toward their leaders at Geneva for immediate, effective relief.

A commemorative wreath was placed on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery, recently, by Sydney W. Pascall, of London, president of Rotary International. He was accompanied by (left to right) Harrison Howe, of Washington, member of the Magazine Committee; Dr. Arthur Christie, Washington Rotarian; Percy Thompson, president of the Washington club; Miguel Arrojad a Lisboa, of Petropolis, Brazil, international director; and George W. Harris, of Washington, former convention sergeant-at-arms.



Photo: © Harris-Ewing

Rotary Around the World

These brief news notes—gleaned from letters and bulletins—mirror the varied activities of the Rotary movement. Contributions are always welcome.

Argentina

Foster Appreciation of Art

ROSARIO—Rosario Rotarians are interested in instilling a greater appreciation of art in the youth of Rosario, and are sponsoring a series of lectures on art, in local schools.

Hold Rural Fair

SANTA FE—To better the agricultural situation here, the Santa Fe Rotary Club recently held a rural fair, offering prizes to those who exhibited the best products.

South Africa

Aid Fatherless Girls

CAPETOWN—From the proceeds of a golf tournament held in 1930, Capetown Rotarians recently established a fund to provide commercial training for fatherless girls.

Australia

Make Civic Improvements

MOUNT GAMBIER—A huge "working bee," sponsored by the Mount Gambier Rotary Club, to which citizens will be invited to assist, has as its object the making of several civic improvements, among which will be the building of a children's playground and a bathing-pool.

Help Crippled Children

BRISBANE—Brisbane Rotarians and Rotary Anns, through various entertainments, are endeavoring to raise £1,000, for the benefit of crippled children.

Debates Supersede Addresses

CANBERRA—Debates on current public questions will replace the usual luncheon addresses at the Canberra Rotary Club, for the next few months.

India

Increase Yearly Assistance

BOMBAY—The Bombay Rotary Club unanimously accepted the recent proposal to increase the yearly assistance it gives to educational and charitable organizations, from 2,500 rupees to 3,700 rupees.

Give to Bengal Flood Relief Fund

CALCUTTA—Not long ago, the Calcutta Rotarians gave 300 rupees to the Bengal Flood Relief Fund.

Poland

Succor Children of Unemployed

WARSAW—Rotarians of Warsaw are cooperating with other charitable organizations here, in aiding the children of the unemployed.

Peru

Disseminate Hygienic Information

LIMA—The disseminating of information on sanitary housing and personal hygiene to the citizens of Lima, through public lectures and the publishing of articles on these subjects in local journals, is one of the activities in which



Photo: Wide World

Gen. John J. Pershing, honorary member of Rotary clubs at St. Louis and Lincoln, was present at the farewell luncheon of the New York Rotary Club in honor of Maj. Gen. Hanson E. Ely, retiring commander of the Second Corps Area. Front row, left to right: Maj. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, retired; General Pershing; Major General Ely; Major Leon Faulkner, president of the New York Rotary Club.

the Lima Rotary Club is chiefly interested this year.

Organize Marketing Association

TACNA—Rotarians here have organized an Agricultural Coöperative Marketing Association for the purpose of reviving trade. Lectures on modern farming methods, and instruction in the use of up-to-date farm machinery will be a part of the work of this society. Efforts are also being made to obtain financial credit for deservng agriculturalists.

France

To Care for Children

VICHY—The Vichy Rotary Club, which since 1926 has provided for the treatment of 220 ailing children, is, at the present time, making plans to care for 200 or more children in 1932.

Czechoslovakia

Food and Clothing

PLZEN—So that the unemployed of this community may have both food and clothing, the Rotary club of Plzen is studying ways and means of providing these necessities.

Canada

Spread Cheer

MONTREAL, QUE.—Christmas hampers for the needy, is one of the many ways in which Montreal Rotarians are spreading holiday cheer among the poor.

The Crux of Rotary

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—"We, who hold membership in Rotary," Governor George J. Smith recently told the 32nd district conference at Charlottetown, "are not true to our colors

Sons of European Rotarians learned international relations first-hand at the "Swiss Camp" last summer, organized by the Swiss Boys Work Committee under chairmanship of Gabriel Rauch right, of Geneva. The boys seated, represent, left to right: The Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, French Switzerland; and standing: Austria, Germany, England, Czechoslovakia, German Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Hungary.

unless with our singing and praise we combine a practical religion of sympathy, tolerance, mutual helpfulness, and brotherly love and friendliness to all mankind, everywhere. . . ." This impressive address has been printed and distributed by The Saint John, N. B., Rotary Club.

97.86%

TORONTO, ONT.—Here's an attendance record that will be hard to beat: On November 27th, the Toronto Rotary Club, an organization consisting of 376 members had an attendance of 97.86 per cent. Rivalry for attendance honors is keen throughout Canada, but especially so in District Twenty-Seven, of which Charles E. Willox, of Niagara Falls, is governor.

Switzerland

Honor Painter

BASEL—With their wives as guests, Basel Rotarians recently gave a birthday dinner to honor Rotarian Alfred Henrich Pellegrini, who has achieved world-wide recognition as a painter.

Austria

A Wagon-Load of Wheat

SALZBURG—Salzburg Rotarians recently purchased a wagon-load of wheat to distribute to the poor of their city.

Furnish Daily Calories

VIENNA—The Vienna Rotary Club is formulating plans whereby it can supply the needy

of that community with at least two-thirds of the required daily calories of food.

Mexico

Milk Fund Increased

AGUASCALIENTES—A successful dancing party was given but a few weeks ago, by the Aguascalientes Rotary Club. The proceeds were added to the milk fund which this club maintains the year 'round.

Broadcasts Aid Charity

MORELIA—Morelia Rotarians, through broadcasts over local radio stations, obtained enough toys and clothing to supply all the poor children of the city with Christmas gifts.

Build Playground

TUXTEPEC—The Tuxtepec Rotary Club recently completed the construction of a long-needed playground for the children of that community.

Oust Beggars

MONTERREY—A short time ago, Monterrey Rotarians successfully conducted a campaign to remove all beggars from railway stations and other public places.

Hawaii

Aid Governor

HONOLULU—Honolulu Rotarians aided the Governor of Hawaii in making a success of the "Clean-Up and Fire Prevention Week" held in October.

Italy

Help Unemployed

VENICE—As a memorial to one of their deceased members, Venice Rotarians donated the sum of 5,000 lire for the benefit of the city's unemployed during the winter months.

Belgium

Sponsor Rotary Fête

CHARLEROI—On October 10th, a Rotary Fête was sponsored by Charleroi Rotarians, the funds of which went to the National Committee for Crippled Children.

Crown Prince Becomes Honorary President

BRUSSELS—His Royal Highness the Duke of Brabant, Crown Prince of Belgium, recently accepted the title of Honorary President of the Brussels Rotary Club.

Hungary

Free Physical Examinations

HÓDMEZÓVÁSÁRHELY—The five physicians belonging to the Hódmezővásárhely Rotary Club, recently gave free physical examinations to all the school children of this city.

England

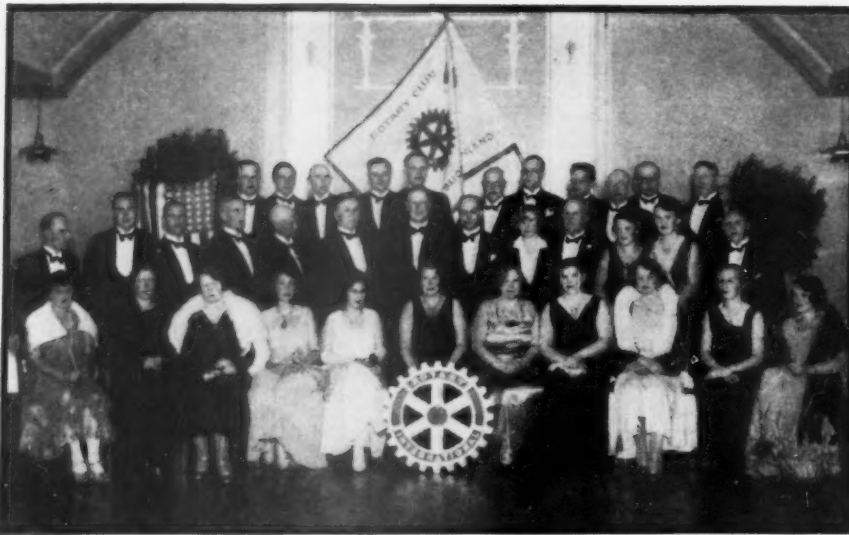
Increase Hospital Fund

HULL—As a result of a supper and dance held recently by the Hull Rotary Club, approximately £30 was added to the Lord Mayor's Hospital Fund.

Need Only 300 More

BEVERLEY—Setting their goal at £2,000 and reaching £1,700 in less than six months,





Meet the Rotarians and Rotary Anns of Viipuri, Finland-Suomi. This photograph was taken during the charter fête night.

Beverly Rotarians will soon be able to install new equipment in the local hospital.

Play Benefit Bridge

HARROGATE—To aid the Children's Camp Fund, Harrogate Rotarians will play many games of benefit bridge this winter.

First Object at Work

SELBY—The Selby Rotary Club put Rotary's First Object to work a short time ago, when it sent the Chancellor of the Exchequer approximately £12 for the National Relief Fund.

100 Miles Per Hour

GRAYS THURROCK—Twenty Grays Thurrock Rotarians recently travelled to a meeting at Croydon, at the rate of 100 miles per hour—via the air. So successful was this trip that it will be repeated in the near future.

New Members

BLACKBURN—Blackburn Rotary Club is instituting an original method for getting new members. Rotarians whose names begin with the letter "A" are asked to find a suitable new member for the "Agricultural Implement Retailer" classification, and so on down the alphabet.

Jobs for Boys and Girls

ROCHDALE—Rochdale Rotary Club recently named a Juvenile Advisory Committee, whose duty is to find employment for boys and girls when they leave school.

Positions for Maimed

LIVERPOOL—The Liverpool Rotary Club recently appointed an employment committee which will endeavor to find positions for crippled adults.

On the birthday of the late President Harding, two eagle scouts from Cincinnati, Tom Tucker and Ed Ackerman, journeyed to Marion, Ohio, to place a wreath on the Harding tomb. The ceremony was witnessed by the mayor of Marion, Rotarians, scout executives, and other eagle scouts.

United States

"Gobs" for Thirty-Six Hours

CHELSTERTOWN, MD.—Members of the 34th District were "gobs" for thirty-six hours, when the Chestertown Rotary Club was host to that assembly early in August. The 150 Rotarians who attended this meeting, greatly enjoyed the combined business and pleasure cruise down Chesapeake Bay.

Tin Can Week

KEYSER, W. VA.—During the first week in November, the Keyser Rotary Club sponsored a Tin Can Week, as a relief measure. Keyser citizens took a can of fruit or vegetables with them to every meeting which they attended, and as a result several thousand cans of food were collected.

"Rotary Around the World"

FLORENCE, S. C.—"Rotary Around the World" was the theme of a recent program which the Florence Rotary Club presented at its annual welcome to the teachers of the city schools. Twelve of the seventy-four countries in Rotary were represented in song and dance features.

Soup and Crackers

JACKSON, TENN.—More than eighty Jackson Rotarians recently voted to confine their weekly luncheon to soup and crackers, so that the remaining \$85 usually spent on food at this meet-

ing, might go to hungry pupils in the public schools of that city.

One-Fourth for Hungry Children

LAKE CHARLES, LA.—In order that the hungry children of Lake Charles might be fed, Rotarians of this city recently voted to take twenty-five cents of their weekly one dollar luncheon money, and for the next six weeks, give it to the Civilian Relief Society.

Give Band Instruments

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The Cambridge Rotary Club recently gave to the public schools of that city, all the band instruments and music which at one time had been used for its boys' band.

Celebrate Birthdays

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.—Birthdays will no longer be "just another day" to the members of the Middletown Rotary Club, for each one will be a guest of that society, at the meeting nearest his natal day.

Eradicate Mosquitoes

OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.—Rotarians of Ocean Springs are at last beginning to feel rewarded for their endeavors to eradicate mosquitoes, for the pests are gradually but effectively being decreased.

Lay Corner Stone

WOODSTOCK, VA.—Because of the active part which it takes in the community life of the city, Woodstock Rotary Club was of late chosen to lay the corner stone of the new post office.

Launch Campaign

PITTSBURGH, CAL.—To stimulate trade, the Pittsburgh Rotary Club is about to launch a "Buy a Bushel of Wheat" campaign.

A Toy for Every Child

CHARLES CITY, IA.—So that Santa Claus' pack will contain a toy for every child in Charles City, the Rotary club here is collecting all available broken playthings, and with the co-operation of the manual training department of the high school, is getting them ready for Christmas distribution.

International Service Here

GRANDVIEW, WASH.—Every member of the Grandview Rotary Club recently wrote to a club in another country, requesting that a Rotarian of that land, who is going to attend the Seattle Convention, write to him. When the





A proud young man is Wendell Morgan (above), a 4-H clubber who hails from Aledo, Illinois. He is holding "Coalie," the Angus steer that took first prize in the junior feeding contest at the International Live Stock Show.

Even little fellows raise big corn crops in Indiana. This ten-year-old youngster is Robert E. Curry, of Tipton, Indiana. His outstanding exhibit of corn won for him the title of Junior Champion Corn Prince at the recent International Live-stock Show held in Chicago.



West Virginia's team won first honors in the junior feeding contest. Left to right: W. S. Miller, coach, James Williams, Edwin Co-rathers, Lynn Mc-Quaid, G. Williams, high man.



A PIG CLUB for boys, started in 1910 in Louisiana, was the beginning of the 4-H club idea—only then there were but three H's—Head, Hand, and Heart. Later, when the incongruity of a prize beef raised by a "scrub" boy was realized, an H for Health was added. The 4-H membership now totals 850,000—850,000 rural boys and girls learning to be good citizens! More than 200 Rotary clubs are sponsoring 4-H work. 4-H and Farm Clubs, often fathered by Rotary clubs, carry on similar work with youth in Australia and other parts of the English-speaking world.

Photos: Cook and Gormley, Chicago

Grandview Rotarian receives such a communication he will then formulate plans to meet the visitor in Seattle and see that his guest is well cared for, while in Seattle.

Jellies and Cigarettes

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Pittsburgh Rotary Anns held a party not long ago, the proceeds of which were used to furnish the Marine Hospital with cartons of jellies and cigarettes.

Give \$1,000 to Hospital

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A check for \$1,000 from the St. Louis Rotary Club was recently sent to the St. Louis Children's Hospital.

\$10 a Month

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—\$10 a month, to be donated to the local Welfare Bureau, for a period of six months, for relief among boys and girls fourteen years or younger, is the plan which has been adopted by Willimantic Rotarians.

Broadcast Weekly Programs

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The important weekly luncheon programs of the Rochester Rotary Club, are being broadcast over radio station WHAM each Tuesday, at one o'clock, eastern standard time.

Entertain Boys' Band

MONTPELIER, VT.—The Montpelier Rotary Club entertained the new local boys' band, at dinner, the first part of November.

Plan Oratorical Contest

MARTIN, TENN.—Next spring the Martin Rotary Club will stage an oratorical contest, open to senior students in the high schools of that state, who will enter college next fall. The entrant delivering the best original address on any phase of Rotary's Sixth Object, will receive \$100, while the speaker placing second will be awarded \$50.

Lessons for Rotarians

LAKEWOOD, N. J.—Of late the Lakewood Rotary Club has been devoting a few minutes each month to instructing its members on some of the fundamentals of Rotary.

Assist Forty Boys

CAMDEN, N. J.—The educational loan fund of the Camden Rotary Club, which has grown from \$2,500 to \$4,000, has aided forty boys in finishing their secondary educations.

Travel Farthest

PITTMAN, N. C.—The Pittman Rotary Club won first prize at the International Convention at Vienna, for having the largest number of members who had travelled the greatest distance.

Boys' Hobby Fair

CINCINNATI, O.—The eighth annual Boys' Hobby Fair, recently staged by the Cincinnati Rotary Club, at which the youths displayed their handicrafts, was a most gratifying affair.

Observe Tenth Birthday

CLAREMONT, N. H.—On October 29th, the Claremont Rotary Club, together with nine other Rotary clubs, celebrated its tenth anniversary. Nearly five hundred Rotarians and Rotary Anns participated in the evening's entertainment of a banquet, speeches, and dancing.

Our Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. Letters should be as brief as possible.

"Good Medicine"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

THE ROTARIAN constantly grows more welcome, and the article by Roy L. Smith, "I Am Still Rich" in the current number is good medicine at this particular time in our history.

JOSEPH H. SEAVER

Twin Falls, Idaho

"Better and Better"

To the Editor:

THE ROTARIAN is better and better all the time. The September ROTARIAN excellent. Many expressions of approval. I enjoy all of the articles.

HAZLEWOOD P. FARISH

Greenville, Mississippi

"Congratulated . . ."

To the Editor:

THE ROTARIAN is to be congratulated on the type of bank stories which it is publishing. Our November issue carries a reprint from your magazine entitled, "My Friend, the Banker" and the December issue will carry, "A City That Stood Up."

FORBA McDANIEL

"The Hoosier Banker"

Indianapolis, Indiana

"Interestingly Readable"

To the Editor:

I have just read your very interesting article "When Families Must Borrow" in THE ROTARIAN for November. This is one of the best written articles of its kind I have read. You have condensed a great many very pertinent facts into a short article and yet made it very interestingly readable. I wish to congratulate you upon your excellent handling of the subject.

D. E. MINOR

Portland, Oregon

"Sex Disarmament"

To the Editor:

Everywhere—in Rotary clubs, churches, schools, books, magazines, and newspapers, we encounter opinions and pleas in favor of disarmament, military disarmament, naval disarmament, and aerial disarmament, but never even a hint at the value and need of "sex disarmament." We are told that by disarming the world we not only remove the weapons, but also the desires, that make for war. This may be true, but why not go further back and remove the underlying causes of all wars—overpopulation and the consequent need of territorial and commercial expansion.

Sooner or later the nations of the world must make "birth control" one of their major policies, not only because of its influence on peace, but because, due to the complex and exacting nature of modern life, the indiscriminate reproduction of the human species places too severe a penalty on its perpetrators and, all too often, a curse on its innocent victims, the millions of under-privileged and defective children.

Since this thing will come to pass eventually, I ask the question: Should Rotary, with its world-wide ramifications, take the lead and add "Advocacy of Birth Control" to the activities it now employs in its efforts to bring

about understanding and peace among all men?

What do other Rotarians think about this?

I would like to see you publish in THE ROTARIAN some articles on this subject by eminent sociologists and economists.

ERNEST L. CRONMEYER

Redlands, California

"Two Avenues . . ."

To the Editor:

I wish to express my gratitude for the privilege of reading your magazine, THE ROTARIAN.

We appreciate good literature. I consider the *Christian Science Monitor* and THE ROTARIAN two avenues for giving to the world clean and worth-while information. That is what the world seems to need at this time—to learn to give more than to receive. Not only at this time but throughout all time.

HOWARD J. MILLER

Richmond, Indiana

"A Chance for a Future"

To the Editor:

I enjoy THE ROTARIAN so much I feel called on to write my appreciation to you. I await each time Lillian Dow Davidson's articles, and feel I have been places after reading them.

I wish it were possible for the Rotary Anns to have an organization for the object of helping boys and girls to get a college education. Not on the loan plan but when the boy or girl helped is in a position to pay back, that he pass it on to some worthy boy or girl of their choice. Thus starting a tiny wave of helpfulness that will spread to an unbelievable distance.

I have watched some fine boys and girls in our town have to give up their chances because what they earned must go to help their families, and never a chance to break away, when a lift would mean to them unbelievable happiness and a chance for a future now not to be thought of.

When the next convention of Rotary comes cannot the women have a chance to do some such thing?

MRS. H. O. MANSFIELD

Freewater, Oregon

"Attendance . . . Vital"

To the Editor:

I believe that a man's business should not be made to suffer because the individual pulls himself away to attend a Rotary meeting. I believe, however, that club attendance is vital and necessary, but that it should not be made the objective of a club. Attendance as I see it is a means to the end.

RALPH R. KIRCHNER

Governor, 15th District, R. I.

Bristow, Oklahoma

Sufficient Inducement?

To the Editor:

As chairman of the attendance committee of our club for the ensuing year, and "in dutch" with some members for "persistency" in reminders to absentees, my attention was naturally centered on all the correspondence that

appeared in the December ROTARIAN on that 100% problem.

My support leans in the direction of Frank Goodchild in his contention that a Rotarian, attending 52 Rotary meetings per year should be credited with 100% for such performance—but, in my opinion it should be stipulated that "not less than one half should be at his home club," the balance of 26 to be made up by attendance at any Rotary club, as, when, and so desired.

In commenting on the "club program" feature, stressed as vitally important by some of your contributors—it seems to me that, while it is desirable to have a period of interesting entertainment, the weekly opportunity of rubbing elbows with those in other fields of endeavor, and the friendly discussion with them of personal, local, national, and international problems is sufficient inducement for Rotarians to strive for that 100% attendance record which Rotary holds in front rank in its precepts, and particularly so if the opportunity was given a Rotarian to reach that goal, by visiting other clubs without any prescribed rule as to lapsed time between such appearances.

HAROLD BROCKELBANK

Hoboken, New Jersey

Paying the Price

To the Editor:

The article "What Price, Rotary Attendance?" by Paul W. Horn in the November issue is very interesting.

As a charter member of the Laredo Rotary Club, organized in 1920, being its past president and for many years having been a member of the board, and having served as chairman of nearly every committee in Rotary I can say that it has not "put me out" any to make my attendance, which is 100% with the exception of one meeting in the past twelve years, at which time I was visiting Glacier National Park and the nearest club was at Billings, Montana, two days train travel from Glacier. I also visited during my membership, Yellowstone National Park twice, Yosemite Valley in California, Estes National Park in Colorado twice, and many other places where no Rotary club existed and was always able to make my attendance, profiting greatly.

If you have the Rotary spirit it's an easy matter to make attendance most of the time. It's a pleasure instead of a duty, for you meet as fine people at these meetings as you find anywhere in the world, and you will profit by some good from every meeting if you look for it.

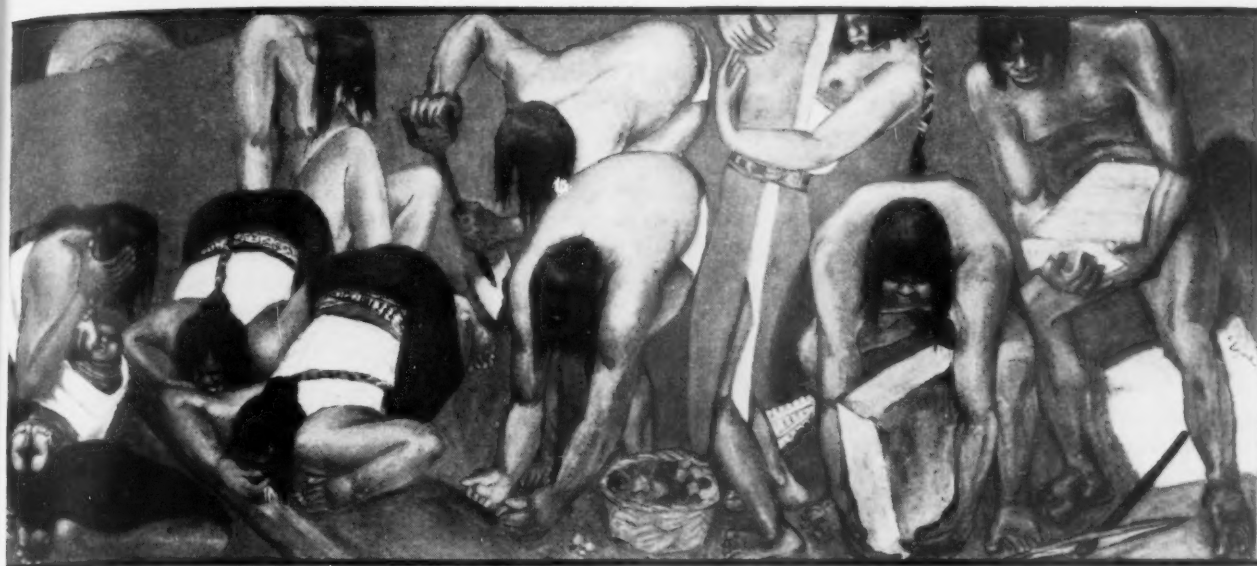
Attendance at the meetings creates acquaintance which will develop friendship and in turn flow into fellowship, and when you have fellowship in your Rotary club you have co-operation which means success; because with co-operation you can accomplish almost anything.

Attendance is necessary in Rotary and applies the same as attendance does to your business.

If it's paying the price to make attendance, then I have gotten much profit and pleasure by paying this price.

CHARLES DEUTZ

Laredo, Texas



Los Indios del Ecuador, por Camilo Egas. Cortesía de la "New School of Social Research."

La Paz Mundial

Por W. Mayer

LA PAZ mundial es un asunto que afecta a todos los pueblos y a todos los hombres, lo que demuestra el hecho de que no hay un solo hombre, aunque viva en el rincón más apartado de la tierra, que no haya sentido directa o indirectamente, los efectos de la última gran guerra, y aunque haya nacido después de ella.

Este sólo hecho justifica el gran interés que sentimos los Rotarios por la Paz Mundial, y explica el acuerdo que se tomó en la última Convención de Viena, que dice:

"Resuélvese por Rotary International, reunido en la 22a. Convención Anual, en representación de unos 158.000 rotarios, comerciantes y profesionistas prominentes de 67 países, que aprueba todo paso dado por los Gobiernos, encaminado a conseguir que la próxima Conferencia del Desarme, de Ginebra en 1932, obtenga una disminución efectiva de los armamentos del mundo."

Por armamentos no sólo se entienden las armas propiamente dichas, sino también los ejércitos, las marinas, las fábricas de pertrechos y todo aquello que constituye la fuerza combativa de las naciones, por eso es que para evitar las guerras se trata de disminuir tales armamentos.

Los armamentos son empleados por las naciones para defender sus intereses, reales o supuestos, así como para imponer la voluntad de una o varias naciones sobre otra nación o grupo de naciones.

Son empleados para proteger el comercio o industria de una nación, y hasta para atacar el comercio de las demás. Se emplean los armamentos también para sofocar levantamientos o revoluciones internas, o bien para efectuar estos mismos, y se sirven las naciones también de los armamentos para otros fines semejantes que sería prolijo enumerar.

Se pregunta uno si los armamentos deben emplearse para procurar la seguridad de una nación, y hay que confesar que no ha llegado el hombre, ni las naciones, a un grado de civilización suficiente, para prescindir totalmente de los armamentos.

La regla áurea, que en diversas formas se predica desde tiempos inmemoriales, sigue siendo un anhelo del hombre, pero hay que vivir ante la realidad.

Contra los malhechores tenemos la ley, pero la ley necesita de la fuerza efectiva para hacerse respetar. Por eso a nadie se le ha ocurrido, de no ser alguna secta extraviada, pedir la abolición completa de los armamentos. Lo que se pide es la reducción de los mismos, dentro de lo razonable.

Los armamentos no deben emplearse para aumentar el poder político de una nación o naciones, a costa de las demás. Pero la dificultad estriba en saber hasta dónde llega la necesidad de los armamentos para la seguridad de una nación y desde dónde comienza la posibilidad de una agresión con tales armamentos.

Cuando entre dos individuos se trata de resolver una diferencia, o se apela a la fuerza o se acude al arbitraje o la ley. Entre las naciones, en el pasado, sólo existía la guerra para resolver sus dificultades.

En muchos países por cada peso que cobran en contribuciones se gastan sesenta centavos para cubrir el costo de guerras pasadas en forma de jubilaciones a veteranos o en amortizar y pagar los intereses de bonos emitidos, o bien para preparar las guerras futuras sosteniendo ejércitos, flotas aéreas y marítimas y fabricando armas.

Este dinero despilfarrado en armamentos, con cuánto mejor provecho se invertiría en abrir caminos, construir fábricas, y educar a las masas, en vez de mantener en holganza a unos cuantos oficiales y soldados, que nada producen y son una constante amenaza de destrucción!

Los armamentos excesivos lejos de proteger a los pueblos, los incitan a la guerra. ¿No vemos que los hombres que se gastan el lujo de llevar pistola son los más propensos a sentirse lastimados en su honor con cualquier pretexto, dando lugar a tragedias? Así sucede a las naciones, cuando están armadas hasta los dientes, sienten el impulso de imponer su voluntad a las más débiles; inspiran el temor, se crea una tensión nerviosa y se produce el pánico general, estallando la guerra, como vimos en 1914. Después

todos se echan la culpa por la gran catástrofe, y en realidad todos la tuvieron en mayor o menor escala.

La frontera mejor protegida contra agresiones, por la misma naturaleza, es la de la India, donde la cordillera del Himalaya forma una barrera casi infranqueable. Pero desde tiempos inmemoriales los hombres de esa región están armados hasta los dientes, y sin embargo, es la frontera más turbulenta que se conoce.

Una de las fronteras más largas del mundo, sin defensas naturales ni de ninguna otra clase es la del Canadá con los Estados Unidos del Norte, y en más de cien años no se ha disparado un solo tiro a través de la misma.

Esto no demuestra que las armas o la falta de armas sea precisamente la causa de que haya paz o guerra, sino que cuando los pueblos vecinos desean vivir en paz, los armamentos salen sobrando.

Los armamentos, por fuertes que sean, no son una garantía de paz, en sí solos.

Alemania llegó a tener el ejército mejor organizado y más poderoso del mundo, y sin embargo, en la Gran Guerra, tuvo que ceder ante el número y persistencia de sus enemigos. Inglaterra, con la flota más grande del mundo, estuvo a punto de morir de hambre, por el aniquilamiento casi total de su flota mercante.

Se ve, pues, que los armamentos no dan una seguridad absoluta, y, al contrario, crean competencias peligrosas como la que causó el cataclismo de 1914, por lo que su resultado ha sido diametralmente opuesto del que se deseaba.

En cambio, una limitación racional de los armamentos crea un ambiente de confianza entre las naciones.

Existe la íntima convicción de que otra guerra general como la pasada, pero que sería aún más terrible por los adelantos de la ciencia, acabaría con la civilización.

Nadie quiere una guerra semejante, entonces, compete a todos y a cada uno influir por los medios a su alcance, para que los Gobiernos acuerden la reduc-

ción de los armamentos, como uno de los medios más eficaces para conseguir la paz.

Por eso es que los Rotarios, esparcidos en todo el mundo, pueden jugar un papel importante desde luego, y más importante en el porvenir, haciendo cristalizar la opinión pública, que existe en estado latente, en favor de la reducción de los armamentos.

Además, no hay que olvidar que las naciones no son más que una conglomeración de individuos. Las virtudes de las naciones, así como sus vicios, son la suma de virtudes y vicios de sus componentes.

Para que una Nación sea grande y digna, los ciudadanos, individualmente, deben ser tolerantes y ecuanímenes, buenos hijos y padres, buenos amigos y buenos ciudadanos, deben descartar el egoísmo, las envidias, las críticas, el chisme y demás malas costumbres, y en suma, no solamente como Rotarios, sino como hombres podemos cada uno influir para que los pueblos vivan en armonía, y entonces saldrán sobrando los armamentos porque se habrá conseguido la Paz.

Actividades en los Distritos

Recomendaciones

En una reunión pasada del Rotary Club de Moquegua, Perú, se acordó recomendar el cultivo de los árboles frutales y la reconstrucción de los viñedos. También se acordó que la Estación Agronómica debe tener un vivero o almáximo de los árboles que armonicen con las anteriores conclusiones, para distribuirlos entre los agricultores.

Lucida Fiesta

El Rotary Club de Piedras Negras, México, celebró hace poco una muy lucida fiesta en el Teatro "Apolo" con el objeto de imponer medallas a dos señoritas y dos jóvenes, alumnos de las Escuelas Oficiales de la localidad, que más se distinguieron en sus estudios de Sexto Año, durante el año escolar que acaba de fenecer. El programa se desarrolló con la cooperación de las niñas y niños de las varias escuelas y con la asistencia de altos funcionarios públicos y la sociedad en general.

La Casa Mínima

El Rotary club de Lima, Perú, ha acordado como parte del plan general de actividades del presente año, realizar una activa campaña cultural en favor de la "Habitación Higiénica," de la "Enseñanza de la Higiene por el Ejemplo," de la "Alimentación Sana," y además de la promoción de un concurso sobre la "Casa Mínima."

El Rotary Club de Lima cree hacer obra de utilidad pública convocando a un congreso de arquitectos para premiar el trabajo que resuelva mejor ese problema de la "Casa Mínima," realizando un amplio estudio sobre las condiciones mínimas de la vivienda, atendiendo a sus máximas condiciones sanitarias y a las características económicas del medio. Se otorgará un primer premio de 1,000 soles al mejor trabajo y dos segundos premios de 200 soles cada uno. La Casa Mínima, como su nombre lo indica es la morada que reúne el mínimo

de condiciones indispensables para vivir con las comodidades que el ser humano necesita, cuando se les considera desde el punto de vista de la higiene y del confort material y moral propios del ciudadano de un pueblo civilizado.

En pro de la Juventud

El Rotary Club de Quezaltenango, Guatemala, esta dedicando sus actividades formulando programas especiales para instrucción y mejoramiento de los niños de la ciudad. La defensa de la niñez contra la mortalidad infantil es otra de sus muchas actividades.

La Primera Piedra

Con motivo de las Fiestas Patronales de Santa Ana, El Salvador, tuvo verificativo la colocación de la primera piedra del Edificio del Colegio Moderno de Occidente, a cargo inmediato de la Institución Educativa de Occidente y patrocinada por el Rotary Club de esa ciudad. El club además tiene a su cargo la educación de tres niños pobres salidos de las escuelas públicas en un Colegio de Segunda Enseñanza, costeados el Rotary Club de Santa Ana, todos los gastos.

Caravana Rotaria

El Rotary club de Copiapo, Chile, esta dedicando sus esfuerzos a la preparación de la caravana rotaria que con la ayuda del Gobierno y del Intendente de la Provincia deberá señalar una ruta fácil que una a esta región con las provincias norte andinas del otro lado. Esta caravana encabezada por rotarios y con la cooperación entusiasta de algunos vecinos y varios obreros, partió con destino a Tinogasta llegando a dicho punto sin novedad, después de vencer con gran espíritu rotario los obstáculos que presenta el macizo andino, alcanzando una mayor altura de 4,800 metros sobre el nivel del mar. Con este esfuerzo, el Rotary Club de Copiapo ha resuelto un problema que ha constituido la suprema aspiración de un pueblo por más de cuarenta años.

Reunión Importante

En Septiembre pasado en la bella ciudad de Barranquilla, Colombia, tuvo lugar una sesión interciudadina concurriendo miembros de los clubs de Cartagena y Santa Marta acompañados de sus distinguidas familias. Esta sesión fue de lo más importante, reinando un franco compañerismo rotario. En vista del éxito obtenido varios clubs de Colombia estan proyectando celebrar en el futuro reuniones con clubs vecinos.

Homenaje

El Comité de Servicio Internacional del Rotary Club de Huatusco, México, arregló en una reunión pasada una sesión-lunch en honor de la República de Cuba. La sesión fué amenizada con selecciones musicales criollas y el catedrático huatusqueño Dr. Manrique de Lara, radicado en La Habana, disertó sobre "Cuba histórica, Heroísmo del pueblo cubano, y virtudes que posee," siendo muy ovacionado por la selecta concurrencia.

Carta Constitucional

Con motivo de la entrega de la Carta Constitucional al Rotary Club de Bayamo, Cuba, se celebró una sesión almuerzo que fué una verdadera sesión interciudadina por las nutridas representaciones de los clubs de Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo y Holguin que concurrieron.

También estuvieron presentes todas las autoridades civiles, militares y escolares de Bayamo, y los Presidentes de todas las instituciones sociales y la Cámara de Comercio.

Exposición Rural

El Rotary Club y la sociedad rural de Tarija, Bolivia, invitó a los productores del Departamento a concurrir con sus productos a la Primera Exposición Rural que se verificó a fines de septiembre, en festejo del Primer Centenario de la Creación del Departamento de Tarija.

Short Chats on Contributors

THOUGH Stephen Leacock is best known as a humorist, his real vocation is teaching economics to youth at McGill University, Montreal, Canada. . . . Another Canadian is John Nelson, one-time newspaper man, now supervisor of public relations for the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, and third vice-president of Rotary International. He still finds time to write an occasional magazine article, as "Humdechyhai!" is current evidence.

John W. Parsons, Chicago business man and writer, has been studying business practices at close range and gathering material during the past several weeks, which is now made available to our readers through the medium of his article in this issue.

* * *

William Herschell, known as the "Poet of Indiana By-Ways," is on the editorial staff of the *Indianapolis News*, and is a member of the Indianapolis Rotary Club. . . . Until he was nineteen years old, Carlo Bos lived in Germany and Austria. He then went to Italy where he served

five years in that country's army. Going to China in 1900, he joined the Chinese maritime customs, of which he is now commissioner and secretary at the inspectorate general. Hobbies: Book collecting and gardening. . . . Colonel Halsey Dunwoody, vice-president of the American Airways, Inc., was assistant to the chief of the air service during the World War. Later he became a member of President Wilson's Aviation Mission to Europe, and assistant to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. Colonel Dunwoody resigned his commission in 1919 to enter business as vice-president of the Finance and Trading Corporation of New York City. In 1928 he became affiliated with the American Airways, Inc.

* * *

Sydney W. Pascall, first European president of Rotary International, is a leading English confectioner. He made a recent tour of the United States, and plans to visit Rotary clubs in many other countries, starting from London on January 1st. . . . George T. Armitage is a resi-

dent of Honolulu. . . . Lillian Dow Davidson, who in private life is Mrs. James W. Davidson, of Calgary, Canada, needs no introduction to readers of THE ROTARIAN.

* * *

Tony Sarg, whose illustrations accompanying Stephen Leacock's "War Stuff" will tickle most readers' funny bones, was born in Guatemala, educated in Germany, married an American woman, was an officer in the German army, is now an American citizen. His mari-onettes are world famous. . . . Frederick Carpenter lives in New York, but probably got the inspiration for this month's cover while waiting for return transportation from some summer resort.

Raeburn Van Buren's drawings for "Perpetuating the Depression," carry the distinctive Van Buren-esque touch. He is also a New Yorker. . . . Albert Winkler, Chicago artist, did the sketches for "This Laughing World." He has had pictures in various Chicago exhibits. Joseph Birren, creator of the frontispiece, is another Chicagoan (see page 15).

Rotary Around the Pacific

[Continued from page 27]

And now the cycle has been made and the Pacific Rotary conference is coming home to Hawaii where it started. Honolulu and Hilo Rotarians made an active bid for the fourth conference in 1932, and Rotary International very generously granted their plea. There were some who felt that this conference might more properly go this time either to some Latin American or North American club, but it was generally agreed that Honolulu was so centrally located that a

meeting there would be convenient for the greatest number. And Hawaiian Rotarians are determined to make it a most enjoyable one—not more so than the Tokyo or Sydney conferences, of course, for that would be impossible, but certainly better than the first conference, when chairman "Mac" McGonagle earned undying fame and put fun and frolic in the hearts of visitors.

The dates for conference are June 12 to 15 so that Rotarians from New

Zealand, Australia, and countries of Asia can attend the conference and then go on to the big show in Seattle. In fact there will be a special steamer to carry them, and certainly any number of passenger liners on the regular runs.

Honolulu has the facilities—greatly improved since 1926. She has the spirit of Rotary, and she hopes to bring back many of the old faces and many more new ones to gather momentum in this spreading of Peace on the Pacific—this A L O H A to all through Rotary.

Fighting for New Business

[Continued from page 13]

purchased thousands of dollars worth. Anyway, home trade might be a stop-gap until industry returned to normalcy. So, a vigorous campaign was launched to popularize the use of solder in homes—with most surprising results. Kester sales have been built back almost to the peak

record, and overtime has been necessary to fill orders.

When it lost its old markets, twice this company has found new customers and has improved its product. Now, the Kester company is looking ahead. With faith that prosperous times are around the

corner this firm is preparing to supply industrial needs for solder with new plants at Newark, New Jersey and at Brantford, Ontario.

The Viscose Company, supplying half the rayon yarn produced in the United States, is a concern that within the past two years has faced a different type of

adverse circumstances, but has met them with dispatch and courage akin to that of the Cash and Kester companies. The rayon industry's rapid growth had led to numerous "wildcat" companies flooding the market with garments of doubtful quality and uncertain sizes. As consumers began to pay more attention to values, their frequent unsatisfactory experiences with rayon hurt the trade. Sales began to fall off, and a crisis loomed as real as though a rival product had entered the field.

To meet this situation, the Viscose Company, after a careful study, set up standard specifications for cloth quality and garment sizes. Other companies joined in the "quality control plan." A label featuring a crown now identifies quality-controlled rayon just as "sterling" does solid silver. Coded symbols on the label make it possible to trace an individual garment back to its maker, should it prove inferior. As a result of its "quality control plan," the Viscose Company is operating full time—not because it has discovered a new market nor has altered its product, but merely because it has insured a uniform quality of rayon goods.

Perhaps the most typical of the methods American business men use to combat hostile outside economic forces is, however, exemplified by the Western Printing and Lithographing Company, of Racine, Wisconsin. Playing cards have for years been the main-stay of this company's business, supplemented by individual jobs of printing and lithographing. Such work fluctuated, of course, and if the full payroll were maintained throughout the year, there would be a loss; nor did it seem good business to fire and hire as needed.

Such a state of affairs, Western officials have reasoned, might be tolerated in normal times, but not during a depression. So before the much-advertised present slump came, this company was looking for some line to equalize its volume of work, to level the peaks and fill in the valleys of production. After a thorough

canvas of the field, it was decided to manufacture illustrated children's books to be retailed through five and ten cent stores. Quantity production would permit operation with a very small profit. When other work came in, it could be given immediate attention, after which the presses would go back to the children's books.

It sounds quite simple, and really is. But the almost incredible fact is that in 1931, Western Printing and Lithographing Company published three million copies of one baby book alone. Other volumes have been scarcely less successful. Not only has employment been equalized the year around at this plant, but the payroll has been increased from five to six hundred!

These examples are not so isolated as the casual observer might think. Rather they are typical of what hard-fighting business men who combine imagination with sound judgment are doing every day. They know that slow times like the present, when established merchants and industries are retrenching, supply the psychological moments for aggressive men to come to the front with new ideas.

Savings banks are bulging with cash, and frequent headlines tell of coin and currency being hoarded in vaults. There is no question about there being money abroad in the land. Long faces, and defeatist tactics won't lure it back into circulation, but intelligent merchandising of services and products which men and women would rather have than dollars, will. *And is.*

SCAN these random jottings from the 1931 business log:

Philco's new midget radio helped in 1931 to double its sales over 1929.

The public wants bargains. When the 125 Thompson restaurants advertised in July such pre-war prices as five-cent sandwiches and pie, a decline in trade was stopped at once. And earnings for the third quarter in 1931, usually the lowest, set a high record for the year.

Voss Brothers (electric washing machines) sold more washing machines in the first six months of 1931 than in any previous year—

by cutting production costs and direct sales to dealers for cash.

In the first eight months of 1931, while the automotive industry was down 28%, Auburn gained 175.5%; Cadillac, 14.5%; Willys, 14.4%; Plymouth, 10%; and Pontiac, 8%.

William Wrigley, Jr. (gum) has a slogan: "Tell 'em quick and tell 'em often." Aggressive selling made his company's \$8,000,000 dividends by October 1, and just to keep things from lagging he announced a million dollar radio campaign.

The phonograph is staging a come-back with 30-minute records, home recording devices, and combined radio-phonographs.

Timken-Detroit (oil burners) beat its 1929 record by 56% in 1930. In October it reported 1931 sales 37% ahead of those for 1930—due to advertising and sales campaigning.

A large merchandise chain has increased in shirt sales 333% by wrapping them in cellophane.

Pulvex (insecticide) went on the market three years ago. Its 1930 sales tripled the 1929 record; and this past year its 1930 mark was bettered two and a half times. Reason: new advertising ideas to fit the times.

In a demoralized silk market, Finsilver, Still & Moss pulled its sales up by placing emphasis on style appeal.

Pinto bean-growers at Mountainair, New Mexico, are stimulating sales by showing home cooks how to use them. Recipe booklets are enclosed in each sack.

Heavy advertising is largely given credit for Cluett-Peabody (collars) 1930 net profits being twenty per cent greater than for 1929, and for an even greater increase for 1931.

A Chicago face brick company is developing a new and profitable side line—a nail polish for manicurists.

The moral of these briefly told tales—and they could be multiplied indefinitely—is plain. Business is militant. In 1932 it is going to call upon its own resources of ingenuity and intelligence perhaps as never before. The challenge that "relief is needed now" is matched by the realization of clear-visioned leaders that the one true solution to the unemployment problem is a restoration of profit giving and taking in commerce. Others may falter in bewilderment because "business is bad," but not these men. They will square their shoulders a bit and declare in the language of action:

"Circumstances? We *make* circumstances!"

This Laughing World

[Continued from page 31]

to the taste of their people. Germans have produced a colossal quantity of lyric productions ranging from their student and soldier songs to the ambitious works of Goethe, Reuter, Lessing, and Heine.

The English quite rightfully boast a long list of humorous authors, from

Chaucer to Leacock. But who has not heard of the controversies among the Scotch and Irish, for example, for the palm of humor in the British Empire! Englishmen of the south often say the Scotch have no sense of humor, and Sydney Smith once remarked "it would

require nothing less than a surgical operation to get a joke into the understanding of a Scotchman."

The Scotch, however, counter by the dinner remark of Sir Owen Seaman, the Scotch editor of "Punch," that most of London's humorous journalism is sup-

plied by Scotchmen. Scotia's list of humorous authors includes Lindesay, Smollett, Burns, Scott, and Stevenson. How the Scotch could ever be regarded as devoid of humor is hard to understand, unless, one accept the explanation of the *North China News* that the average Scotchman is often so content with his own appreciation of a subtle joke that he declines to dilute it for the benefit and consumption of his slower witted English cousins.

THERE is also the famous controversy between the Briton and the Yankee. The American for years has been slyly poking fun at the alleged British lack of humor. The English, however, ignore the allegation. In fact they have some fun of their own in laughing at the things which cause merriment across the Atlantic.

For instance, there is the more or less typical American humor based on the incongruities of extravagant exaggeration. The rapid growth and extraordinary prosperity of North America, learned professors tell us, are responsible for much humor of this type. Some of it goes back to the early days of American history. A typical example of this is the

following "discovered" by Stephen Leacock in an obscure American newspaper.

"This is a glorious country. It has longer rivers and more of them and they are muddier and deeper and run faster and rise higher and make more noise and fall lower and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. Our country has more lakes and they are bigger and deeper and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our railway cars are bigger and run faster and pitch off the track oftener and kill more people than any other railway cars in any other country of the world. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener and send up their passengers higher, and our captains swear harder than the captains of any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker, can fight harder and faster, can drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco than the men of any other country."

An exuberant Chicagoan is reported to have boasted that the new Buckingham fountain "squirts more water per minute than all the fountains of Versailles." And, within the past generation has grown up in American logging camps

a veritable Iliad of humor-of-exaggeration about the figure of one Paul Bunyan, who is said to have logged off North Dakota in one winter, and his equally miraculous blue ox.

Maybe this is not the only and the best quality of American humor, but it must be admitted to have a stunning, sledge-hammer effect on a non-American type of mind. And, in the end, never fails to produce the effect it was meant to produce—an outburst of laughter.

BUT Americans do not have a monopoly on this mode of merriment. The Talmud, for example, relates among other extraordinary stories the one of an enormous bird which once threw an egg out of its nest and crushed 300 lofty cedars, while the contents of the egg swept away sixty villages. Lucian, the Roman satirist, told of an island having birds so large their feathers were like ship masts. And in a battle against the sun, he relates, some men rode fleas about the size of twelve elephants put together.

"And who does not believe me," this genial Roman liar concludes at the end of his "True History," had better go and see for himself—an epilogue worthy of



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the doughty Baron Münchhausen, of a later day.

Humor has an interesting history. Hobbes, among others, tells us that it comes from the exulting laugh of the savage for the fallen enemy whose skull he has probably split with a club. Gloating seems originally to have been closely related to glee.

Thus Sampson, the Biblical giant, was probably regarded by his contemporaries as a very droll fellow when he caught 300 foxes, tied firebrands to their tails, and sent them racing through the fields of the Philistines. Another time, he had himself bound hand and foot, and thus, apparently powerless, was delivered into the hands of the enemy. Then this practical joker broke his bonds, seized the jaw-bone of an ass, and slew a thousand men. His prank of carrying Gaza's city gates to the top of a hill near Hebron, however, carries a suspiciously modern Hallowe'en note.

David frequently laughed at the misfortunes of his enemies. We read in the seventh Psalm, "God shall likewise destroy thee forever, the righteous also shall see and fear and shall laugh at you." Ancient Hebrew humor certainly was closely allied to derision.

Even Homer, the fabled Greek poet, tells in the Iliad, how Paris having hit Diomedes from behind a pillar, springs forward and laughs at him, only regretting that he had not killed him. Minerva laughs at Mars after having struck him with a stone. And, in the Odyssey, Ulysses' heart laughed within him after having put out Polyphemus' eye with a burning stick.

THE ancients found keen amusement in ridiculing personal defects. Homer relates that when the gods of Olympus, sitting at their banquet, saw Vulcan stumping around on his lame leg, burst into uproarious laughter. Aristophanes, though he may have deplored the rude jests of his time, himself sinned, as witness the frequent coarse allusions to women.

Diogenes, chiefly remembered because of his lantern-search for an honest man, loved to jest also, and not always with taste, according to modern standards. Some of his quips are still remembered, however. Asked the proper time to dine, he replied: "If you are rich, dine when you will; if poor, dine when you can." His preference for wine was: "Other

people's!" Asked at what age a man should marry, he said, "A young man not yet; an old man not at all."

Physical deformity, even torture were especially amusing to the Romans, and this notion of the ridiculous seems to have continued into the middle ages. The clergy, who were then almost the only class that could write, have left us a rich harvest of literature from which to judge the type of humor then prevailing.

Many moderns have wondered at the grotesque heads of gargoyles and other hideous and profane figures carved in wood and stone in old cathedrals. In Strasburg cathedral, for example, a funeral is represented as being performed by animals. A hare carries a taper, a wolf the cross, a bear the holy water. In another place, a stag celebrates mass, and an ass is reading the Bible. How are we to account for these and other figures, some too obscene to describe? The answer is humor.

These figures and statues were probably meant to appeal to the primitive sense of the funny in the church goers, and to attract them to the services. Those who come to laugh might remain to pray. Humor was probably regarded as having no influence beyond that of causing amusement, and in those days when the minds of men were inactive and dull, striking illustrations were necessary to attract attention.

We observe the same low taste in court jesters of old. They were strange characters varying from the vulgar idiot, object of coarse practical jokes of the courtiers, to the man of genius. They made supposedly shrewd remarks and performed senseless antics. The city fool of London, for example, was supposed on Lord Mayor's day, to jump, clothes and all, into a huge bowl of custard.

Not less devoid of humor, in the modern sense of the word, were the tales and comedies of those days. Chaucer's fourteenth century writings scarcely raise a laugh nowadays, though his "Wife of Bath," "January and May," and "Merchant's Tale" will make a stable boy blush. And he was comparatively moderate for his times.

Only in the times of Shakespeare did wit and humor begin to improve from the fatuity and rudeness of professional jesters. In those days the character of the monarch gave the tone to society, and its literary mirrors. Thus the earnestness

of Queen Elizabeth is reflected in Shakespeare, the refinement and sensuality of the court of the Medici in Cellini and Boccaccio, Aretino; the whimsicality of King James in Ben Johnson; the licentiousness of Charles II in the poets of the restoration.

With Jonathan Swift, fiendish laughter at human deformity and distress seems to dwindle. Swift had the faculty for seeing the funny sides of religion, politics, social follies or domestic peculiarities. His "Gulliver's Travels" was a political satire disguised as entertaining tales. Charles Dickens was the pioneer of a more gentle wit and humor. Up to his time the poor and uneducated had been the butt of the contempt and coarse ridicule of humorists.

WHOWER takes an interest in modern humor will be struck by its spirit of toleration and human sympathy. A shrewd German once said, "Only he who loves mankind may smile on human weakness." True humor smiles about the world and man with a tear of sympathy in its eyes.

Humor has advanced with our civilization, and with the progress of caricature. Born to laugh at the deformity of the human body, the art of caricature passed through the stage of the grotesque, and, gradually reducing and enlarging the objects of its study, it now penetrates into the substance of things. It was formerly the delight of the cruel, it is now the teaching of the sages.

The world's humor in its best and greatest sense, is, perhaps, the highest product of our civilization. One thinks here, not of the mere spasmodic efforts of the comic artist or the blackface expert of the vaudeville, but of the really great humor that illuminates literature.

It is no longer dependent upon the mere trick and quibble of words, or the odd incongruities. Its base is in the deeper contrasts offered by life itself; the strange incongruities between our aspirations and our achievements; the eager and fretful anxiety of today that fade into nothingness tomorrow; the burning pain and the sharp sorrow that are softened in the gentle retrospect of time.

Here, in the larger aspect, the humor is blended with pathos until the two are one, and represent, as they have in every age, the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth.

[Continued from page 10]

That I hope, no, I am sure—will be the tenor of international correspondence in a few years. And meantime war is drifting the way of all the good old glad things. The old-fashioned Christmas, the old-fashioned dance, the bright old days of the sleigh rides and the log fires are gone and with them, also, dear old war has got to go.



Off the Beaten Track Again

[Continued from page 35]

way of China but to us who had just left Siam, the palace buildings seemed a rather poor imitation of the real Siamese type of architecture. Even the solid silver floor of the Silver Pagoda failed in its appeal for, judging by its appearance, it might easily have been made of a baser metal. A dancing pavilion, built by a former king, interested us very much for the ceiling was painted with a most interesting procession of purple dancing elephants. The king's treasury was full to overflowing with jewelled treasures, but so crowded and poorly displayed were they that one's fingers fairly itched to rearrange them.

THE big motor-bus left Pnom-Penh about noon and arrived in Saigon just after the thousands of electric lights were scintillating their merriest, for Saigon is a city of bright lights. It is the seat of government of the French colony of Cochinchina. A few years ago it was a rather miserable little native village built over unhealthy, marshy land. Even now rice fields hem it in, but of this squalid village the French have made a miniature Paris. One marvels at the magnificent boulevards flanked by imposing public buildings, the palace of the governor, the Cathedral de Notre Dame, the ornate municipal theater, the Hotel de Ville, the Hotel de Poste, the Palais de Justice, the hotels and restaurants, all so distinctly French in style of architecture. I know of no colonization that has so bodily transplanted the homeland as the French have in Indo-China. A botanical garden has been made here in Saigon, second only to that of Singapore. Here one can wander at will, getting acquainted with the curious trees and other types of vegetation peculiar to this region. In the garden also is a fine zoo with many odd and beautiful birds and beasts. At the entrance is a delightful museum in which are relics of the ancient peoples of Cochinchina.

Saigon is a magnet which draws from up-country plantations many a lonely planter who comes here for a bit of high life, restaurants, music, and dancing which reminds him so much of his beloved Paris. More especially does Saigon resemble Paris in its many sidewalk cafés with their innumerable little iron tables where the Frenchman loves to sit for hours, sipping his aperitif while watching the strange and curious street life going on before him. Often timid

vendors, both men and women, may be seen loitering within call, each moment hoping to be hailed so that his or her stock of goods may be displayed, whether it be walking canes made of buffalo horns, cut flowers, or the exquisite Tonkinese embroidery. Some 150,000 people dwell in this city, 12,600 of whom are French. Located here also are 3,000 troops.

French Indo-China was on my husband's itinerary before he left Europe and the request was made that he make a Rotary survey of these important French Chinese possessions. To prepare himself for this, a week was spent in Paris during which he held many conferences on the subject with Parisian Rotarians. He secured an appointment with the minister of colonies which led to letters of introduction from him to the French governor-general at Hanoi, the capital of French Indo-China and also to the French governor of Cochinchina at Saigon. My husband wrote:

"Among the many letters of introduction which I carried from European officials, there were none more kindly than these. To perfect the plans of survey, it necessitated covering Cambodia, Cochinchina, Annam, and Tong King in the order named. For convenience and clearness, I will handle the Rotary survey in two parts, the first dealing with Cambodia and Cochinchina, the second with Annam and Tong King. We reached the first of the French Chinese possessions of Cambodia from Bangkok *via* railway, motor-car, and small boat, a route enabling us to have a short stop at Angkor. Angkor can never be anything else but a very small tourist center. No Rotary opportunities are available until Battambang is reached. With the completion of the railway plans now being carried out, there is an opportunity for a small club of the British Malaya type; but this is entirely dependent upon the completion of this line.

"We then proceeded south to Pnom-Penh, capital of Cambodia. Here is available a small group of high-class French professional men employed in various government institutions, a number of French merchants in different lines, and also a few talented Cambodians who have been educated in France.

"Saigon, so well known to oriental merchants though rarely visited by them, is one of the great ports and business marts in Asia. In every way, Saigon is available at once for Rotary; in fact, today, it is the

only city of importance to which the Western man travels throughout Asia between the Mediterranean and the Japan Sea that is without its Rotary club.

"In commencing work at Saigon, I made use of my letters of introduction. The governor was most kind, was interested, and suggested that I operate through Monsieur Martini, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and local head of an important shipping company. He is a member of the legislative council for Indo-China and was then at Hanoi, the capital, attending the sessions. I had various letters to him, one from a business associate of his, a French Rotarian at Marseilles, who had long been urging upon him a Rotary club at Saigon. For these various reasons I decided to make a number of casual calls on possible Rotary prospects at Saigon but to await definite action until I could interview M. Martini at Hanoi. When reaching Hanoi, should he prove interested, I felt I could return to Saigon. There would appear to be no other opportunities at present in Cochinchina aside from Saigon and its port Ream."

As the railway line is not built through to Hanoi from Saigon we knew we would not have an altogether comfortable journey. We would have to make an overnight trip to Nha Trang, the end of the railway line, then travel by bus some three hundred miles, largely over mountain passes, and catch the train again at Tourane. But mercifully for us, we could not foresee just how miserable a motor trip this was to prove. Jim had been told on very good authority that a day or two before there had been an extremely serious uprising among the natives in a part of the country through which we would have to motor. A battle had been fought which only subsided after bombs dropped from airplanes had scattered the natives. When buying our tickets, we questioned the French official at the information bureau but he pooh-poohed the idea, declaring it but a little trouble with school boys.

IN A Tuesday night about seven, we boarded a fairly comfortable train at Saigon and all night long bumped over a very rocky roadbed. Had we been able to see out of the windows of the train, we would have known that we were passing through extensive rubber plantations, for the French here have the same

rubber-planting mania that we found in British Malaya and in Java. In the wee small hours, we tumbled out of the train into a bright shiny bus with beautiful upholstered chairs, the very acme of luxury.

The kingdom of Annam is a long, narrow strip of country bordering the China Sea for a thousand miles and lies between Cochin-China on the south and Tong King on the north. Range after range of wild jungle-clad mountains form the greater part of Annam. Within them dwells that terror of the native, the sleek, stealthy monarch of the jungle, the tiger. So greatly and so justly is he dreaded that his name of "kong-kop" is hardly breathed aloud for fear of his vengeance. Wild elephants and the rhinoceros are his neighbors here in the jungle. Tribes more or less wild, called the Moïs, occupy the highlands while the Annamites proper live along the coastal plains.

To get from one plain to another it was necessary to cut across mountain passes just as we were doing on this "Colonial Route 1" which is really the old Route Mandarine which carried the Annamite mandarins and their families straight to Hué, the royal heart of the kingdom of Annam. The French are justly proud of this magnificent highway with its broad, sweeping curves. It is guarded closely and is repaired at once should any break occur in its smooth surface. Bare-footed brown travellers use this roadway freely, toiling up and down grades with their shoulder poles. The women are the burden-bearers. As we ran from bright sunshine into heavy downpours of rain, I thought of these poor things, soaked to the skin one minute and their clothes steaming with the heat of the sun the next.

The indented coast line of Annam with the soft lovely blue China Sea forming itself into picturesque lagoons and almost landlocked bays with smooth beaches of golden yellow sand bordered by swaying green palms, is a thing of entrancing beauty. Sometimes we were on a level with these, sometimes hundreds of feet above them. On and on we saw our roadway ahead zigzagging up through the jungle, climbing some steep mountain slope. The tropical growth with bright plumaged birds weaving in and out was delightful. Once we drove beneath the soft pink plumes of pampas grass, many feet in height.

Crossing a river, broad during this

flooded season, we noticed along the banks many small, fragile wooden platforms on each one of which sat a fisherman lowering his large square net into the water. Doubtless from this height he can see a school of fish approaching and lower it just in time to enmesh them. The fishing industry is a very important one along this coast. The fish that are not consumed locally are exported to China.

At a little place called Quihon where we stopped Wednesday noon, we lost most of our passengers and when the big ten-passenger bus started off again, it held but two Frenchmen besides Jim, Marjory, and myself. Rolling along in our easy chairs in absolute peace and comfort we were enjoying a ruined red brick tower of the Chams on the hillside, and the feverish harvesting of the golden rice grain going on apace round about us when without warning we heard a frightful grinding noise and the bus came to an abrupt halt. The chauffeur and his helper conferred excitedly together, got out, raised the hood, tinkered with first one thing, then another for about three quarters of an hour and then calmly returned to their seats and sat there motionless, hardly conversing.

AS THE two Frenchmen appeared unconcerned, we thought the chauffeur had managed to convey word back to town of our mishap. Fifteen minutes went by, twenty, then at the end of half an hour we could stand it no longer and began to ask questions. To our utter consternation we learned that the chauffeur lacked the few pence necessary to telephone back to Quihon! Imagine such a thing! An hour and a quarter wasted and a seven-hour motor journey still ahead of us! Those two Frenchmen will never cease to puzzle us. How long they would have been contented to sit there without action, we will never know. Tourists are so scarce in Indo-China that one has to flounder about for information of any kind. Jim quickly drew out a coin, thrust it in the chauffeur's hand and he sped down the road. An hour went by during which we looked at our watches, peered down the road, got out of the bus and walked a short distance, then determined to accept philosophically the situation and try to sleep a little.

About five o'clock we were awakened by a rumble and saw an ancient and decrepit bus pulling up alongside. Our

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"luggages," as a native boy once called them, were soon transferred and well covered to protect them from possible rain. With one long lingering last look at the broken down pearl of buses, we stepped within the rear compartment of its substitute. The two Frenchmen were settled in seats next to the driver, why, we did not understand until we found ourselves rattling about on hard seats like dried peas in a pod. By bracing ourselves, we did manage to keep from getting hurt but it was very tiring. About dusk, we approached a "bac" or ferry. We had crossed many of them in the morning but as the bus drove on to the scow or chaland, as the French call them, we were not in the least inconvenienced. But this was different. From this time on a bac meant absolute misery for us. Our poor bones ached so by this time that we were not sorry to be asked to get out of the bus. We walked on the scow and our many grips were piled about us. We were moving. Hooray! We were leaving behind that miserable old rattle trap of a bus.

As we approached the opposite shore we could just dimly make out another bus, waiting for us. Once again, thank goodness, it was a luxurious one. With an audible sigh of relief we sank our weary bodies into the soft upholstery. The luggage was made secure on top but we remained stationary and chauffeurless. Peering through the window into the darkness we could just make out a group of six or eight natives, our chauffeur and his helper among them, squatting in a circle around a dim lantern discussing something very earnestly. Something seemed to be wrong and we did not feel any too easy; but after half an hour the chauffeur quietly took his seat and started off. He was just making a run for a slight rise in the road when the brakes were jammed on quickly. A white wooden bar had been thrown across the road. An order to halt came in no uncertain terms. What now? we wondered. The ceiling lights were switched on and we were being looked over by a military officer with cold critical eyes. Outside we caught the gleam of many gun barrels and an occasional detail of a military uniform. So, we were now in the territory where the natives were exhibiting such unrest!

We were challenged many times but seeing so many soldiers about and such precautions taken, we felt somewhat reassured as to this form of trouble. How-

ever, always present was the fear that on the road ahead we would see two gleaming eyes looking for prey. Not long before a tiger jumped upon the hood of a bus and I had heard of another that sprang upon the top of a bus from the rear. Fortunately, in both cases the machine proved strong and they slithered off and slunk into the jungle again.

AFTER stopping for a meal, within ten minutes of getting back into the bus, we were travelling in water hub deep. After about a quarter of a mile of this, we stopped. Another wretched bac! A chaland stood out in the water, fifteen or twenty feet from us. Coolies wading knee-deep in the water were conveying our pieces of baggage from the bus to the chaland. How were we to get there without getting wet? As if in answer to our question a coolie with his ricksha appeared and conveyed us one by one. It had been raining hard and the scow was wet so our feet felt damp and we were very cold and chilled through. The head lights of the bus lit up the weird scene. Another bus was waiting for us on the opposite bank but one with hard seats and not nearly so comfortable. Thursday at 1:50 a. m. we rolled into the courtyard of the hotel at Tourane, only too thankful that we were safe and sound and that this trying journey was now past history.

Here at ten we took the train for Hanoi. At the station we saw many Annamite gentlemen in spotless white over which they wore long black tunics of brocaded gauze with snug-fitting black turbans. About them was an air of refined luxury. The train passed close by Hué, the imperial city of Annam situated on the River of Perfumes. Within a walled square, a mile and a half each way and surrounded by a moat, dwell the nobles of the court and its high officials. But there is also a Forbidden City enclosing the imperial palace of the young king Bao Dai who has been educated in France and who came to the throne in 1925.

Hanoi in Tong King is another Europeanized native city, very interesting with its big lake and typically French boulevards. It has been the capital of French Indo-China since 1922. The one lasting picture we have carried away from Tong King is of the hard-working little Tonkinese coolie women in their long brown coats over baggy black trousers, their

sashes of bright green and purple adding a fascinating dash of color. They wear big, flat umbrella-like hats made of palm leaves and as light as a feather.

To continue with Jim's notes:—"Fortunately, I was not long in getting in touch with M. Martini but I found it impossible to convince him that Rotary would be workable at Saigon or would be of benefit. In fact, his attitude was much the same as all the others I had interviewed. In truth, the French policy here does not provide a very receptive field for our organization. The French colonist believes that his people are those who have made great sacrifices in developing these Asiatic colonial possessions and therefore any special benefit to be derived from them should come to the Frenchman rather than to men of other nationalities. This policy has kept Saigon and the other cities very exclusive, and trade and the professions are restricted to the French.

Well-known international firms are found under French names and under organizations that largely obscure their foreign nature. Thus instead of finding a great international city such as exists at Cairo, Bombay, Calcutta, Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, etc., one finds at Saigon and other Indo-Chinese cities the French spirit rather than one in any degree international. Consequently there is little in the spirit of Rotary to appeal.

The Sixth Object, for instance, is difficult to explain as being in any way a help to the colony. The difficulty is probably more apparent than real but in any event, the interest must be created by a French Rotarian, some one who can explain to these Eastern French residents so far from home that Rotary is an unselfish organization and that it would bring them a better understanding of other nationals of the Far East, and create a contact among these different nationalities already in the colonies, including the educated native.

We must bear in mind, however, that the Frenchman is in much the same condition of mind that other Europeans were in before the founding of Rotary clubs in Asia. They, too, were skeptical of being able to bring about a blend of nationalities. However, at present the task of convincing them is so great that only a Frenchman can hope to meet with success. The cities in Tong King that are Rotary possibilities are Hanoi and Haiphong."

What's Ahead for Aviation?

[Continued from page 21]

routes were extended and all services improved. The public has responded to the new and improved services and it is very possible that final figures will show that fully 50 per cent more persons flew 250 miles or more on established routes in 1931 as compared with 1930 figures.

Looking at aviation in the United States we find there is today 1,900 more miles of lighted airway than there was in January, 1931. We also find 55 more intermediate landing-fields on established airways, and 310 more beacon lights and 16 more federal airways broadcasting stations. This gives us today a total of 15,300 miles of lighted airway; 370 intermediate landing fields; 1,680 beacon lights and 51 airway radio stations—and shows us that we are rapidly nearing the day when all established airways will be available for 24-hour service.

The business day usually ends at 5 p.m., and those persons away from home are then at liberty to think of getting back to their own firesides. The development of radio, together with the increased activity in making the various routes ready for night-flying, makes air transport more and more useful to the traveler. When one desires to get home, or to a certain point, the easiest and fastest means of travel is the one that appeals. Night planes, and multiple schedules, will make travel by air more general, and it is reasonable to anticipate that much will be done on such service during 1932.

To present a graphic study of the rapid and substantial growth in the United States, which is, after all, symbolic of similar development in England, and on the Continent, let us consider a few figures. The first airmail was flown in the United States in 1918 when airmail planes flew some 16,000 miles carrying only 17,831 pounds of mail. By 1924 mileage was increased to 1,522,763 miles a year and mail poundage grew to 1,500,034 pounds. During the years 1925-6-7 there was little development. Then came Lindbergh, and aviation was reborn.

In 1927 mail planes flew 35,870,489 miles carrying mail loads totaling 1,032,727 pounds. The growth since that time, including the depression years of 1930 and 1931, was as follows:

YEAR	MILES FLOWN	MAIL POUNDAGE	PASSENGERS
1928	70,673,350	1,945,252	49,713
1929	135,141,499	5,635,680	173,405
1930	225,000,000	7,719,898	385,910
1931 (Est)	500,000,000	9,500,000	475,000
1932 (Est)	900,000,000	13,500,000	1,000,000

We must also remember the private flyer—the sportsman pilot. In 1928 there were 1,500 private-owned planes which flew 12,000,000 miles; 3,125 private planes flew 25,000,000 miles in 1929 and 4,974 flew 40,000,000 miles in 1930. It is estimated that there are 3,750 private planes in active use today and that they will have carried their owners more than 30,000,000 miles during 1931.

This has not been a haphazard growth. It has resulted from definite service to the individual, to business. The business man first sent his mail and express into the air, and he is now following it.

During 1931 east and west, and west to east flights were made between points in the United States and Europe—allegedly for the purpose of marking new and faster trade routes. There will be further flights and these routes will be established. An United States-Hawaii flight is proposed and if successful weekly service will be inaugurated at once.

European air routes totaled 36,507 miles of airline in 1927 which grew to more than 72,084 miles of established airways in 1931. The British system grew from a 250-mile airway in 1919 to a 11,000-mile system today, with one company, Imperial Airways, flying more than 60,000 miles daily and serving some 200 cities. The two-passenger craft of yesterday is replaced by four-engined craft seating as many as 42 persons.

In Europe the airline operators cooperate to solve their problems through an international organization of operators which is active in an effort to standardize operations. This organization also works closely with the aviation departments of the various governments, including the aviation committee of the League of Nations, International Chamber of Commerce, and the postal and telegraph unions.

The longest airways in the world are those which European powers have built to tie together their Far East colonies. These lines extend from western Europe into Africa, Siberia, and into the Orient. Places prominent in religious and mythological lore are today way-stations on the modern airways of the East. Among these are Genoa, Athens, Crete, Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad, and Delhi.

New lines proposed include a Russian project which, it is claimed, will be the longest airline in the world. It will operate over more than 11,000 miles of territory from Moscow, through northern Manchuria to Vladivostok. Today ap-

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proximately one-half of the airlines in the Asia group are controlled by Russia.

Figuring world-wide airline mileage there is now more than 150,000 miles of established airways serving not only the larger centers of population but reaching out to thinly populated areas and penetrating into Africa, Siberia, South America, and the Orient, with regular services.

What does this mean to business? I will let the head of a great industrial unit answer. In a recent letter he wrote:

"For a number of years I have made an annual trip west. Due to the slowness of rail travel I could make but one trip a year. This year I made the trip by airplane, using regular transport lines. My rail trip required three weeks of time and cost me approximately \$1,000 in cash. By use of the airplane I was away from my office only four and one-half business days and my expense was \$458 in cash. In other words the airplane saved me 50 per cent in cash and 66 per cent in time."

Late in 1930 Col. Charles P. Robbins, president of the American Life Convention, a group of some 140 life-insurance companies, startled the insurance world with a prediction that "within 10 years travel by air will be as common as travel by rail today—and we will wonder why we ever believed there would be an extra-hazard in air travel." Throughout the year 1931 life-insurance companies have laid especial emphasis on charting of the air risk and the majority of the companies today are most liberal, in view

of their limited experience, in consideration of the air-travelers' application and the writing of policy contracts without rating.

Recently the thought of "what effect will the airplane have on the culture of future civilization" came to me and I solicited expression from more than 40 men, heads of colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada. The reply of Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, is a good digest of the general response. Dr. Robinson wrote: "The most marvelous thing in the World is the human mind. Next in importance is communication, which enables one mind to share its products with another. Then comes transportation.

"The history of humanity shows that with increased freedom and speed of interchange of ideas have come an elevation and broadening of standards of living, and more complete understanding among peoples.

"Transportation on land and sea did much for the human race. Transportation through the air will do far more. The future promises ever-increasing speed and carrying capacity. It will bring together different people; it will diffuse knowledge of lands hitherto inaccessible to most; it will make available to all the best in each country; it will be a major instrument for the richer cultivation of the human race."

Is it not probable that any prophecy

that might be made today on what we may expect from, or through, the airplane of tomorrow, next month or next year in the further cutting of time and space; in the narrowing of the size of our modern world; will be only too conservative?

We do know, however, that aviation is no longer a plaything. It is a new and modern instrument of business. Dominant position in world trade has always been gained and held by those nations whose business interests have kept a step ahead of the parade. Speed is becoming more and more important and it is only fair to assume that the airplane will play a most important rôle in the future development of world trade, aiding the "go-getter" to get there first.

Time enroute is time lost. The only difference between "here" and "there" is the letter "T" which may symbolize time, or travel. Thanks to the airplane the peoples of the world are today neighbors. As the railroad train and the automobile broke down county and state boundaries, so will the airplane eliminate national and international boundaries, making us a people of the world, building toward a mutual understanding in social and business relations.

May I suggest the advisability of greeting this new and infant industry on cordial terms and extend to it a friendly hand for no power on earth can prevent its evolution as a great influence in man's earthly creations.

Perpetuating the Depression

[Continued from page 8]

not so unusual and therefore handled much more easily.

VI.

We needed a new mattress for the maid's bed. She was a new maid and apparently was going to prove a good one. We wanted her to be comfortable for good maids are rare. My wife knew exactly what she wanted, in detail, and she knew also just where to get it. We have a charge account at that store. Ordering by telephone therefore is not out of the ordinary. That mattress has been ordered for just four weeks now and is not delivered yet, even though my wife was assured that the store had in stock just what she ordered. We are both summoning courage to cancel the order and try another store. We don't want the maid to grow dissatisfied. Surely our impatience is not very notable.

VII.

A new grocery store opened in our

neighborhood. Not only was it well spoken of but it had every appearance of the unusual grocery store. Its shelves were arranged very attractively and they contained a variety of articles that bespoke exceptional consideration for customer wants. Surely, here at last was a grocery store that had studied the needs of the careful hostess and housewife. Within a fortnight of its opening, it began to have our patronage. A neighborhood deserves to support a store that goes out of its way to study the needs of the people who live in that neighborhood and makes easily available supplies for those needs.

On a given day, when groceries ordered and delivered the day before were finally unpacked what should be our astonishment: we actually found an order for \$7.20 worth of the most select articles, chiefly hors d'oeuvre, belonging to someone who lives ten blocks away. Obviously they were intended for an unusually elab-

orate dinner party the night before. The mistake must have caused acute distress to that particular hostess, but why the mistake. It is very difficult to conceive any possible reason for that sort of mistake except the fundamental assumption of indifference to customer-satisfaction. A few more mistakes of that sort will help, mightily, to perpetuate the depression for, at least, one very good and deserving grocer.

VIII.

Can it be that I am more willing to buy than the business man is to sell? Certainly I have had a desperate time trying to get rid of my money. Nobody seems to want it.

One distinction must be noted. The small store, locally owned and presided over by the owner actually gives prompt, efficient, and satisfactory service. It is the large store, usually of the chain variety, and therefore owned by stockholders,

out of the city, and controlled by heads abstracted from the local business and located in an office probably in New York, that is distinguished by its indifference to the customer. If this distinction is valid the indifference is a major factor in the depression and will undoubtedly help to prolong it. One doesn't have to subscribe to the cherished superstition that the customer is always right to realize that the customer does have some rights. He certainly has a right to attentive consideration and a willingness to supply his wants, intelligently, if not with despatch. Shopping, at best, is an annoying experience. The least business can do is to mitigate that annoyance by showing some concern for the welfare of the buyer.

We have been spending our time watching the indices of car-loadings, unfilled steel orders, and automobile production. We have been watching these indices almost as if they were the creative factor that would relieve the depression. How foolish! These indices have no more to do with the relief we want than the state of the barometer has to do with regulating the weather. Why not gear business to the point of attention to

the small buyer. When his normal wants are satisfied in a normally attentive way, the indices will tell a story of coming prosperity. While we are depending on advertising cleverness (much of which is of the hocus-pocus variety) to stimulate unfelt wants and thus increase willingness to buy, let us grow a little more attentive to the inevitable wants that are entirely normal and that must be satisfied in bad times as well as good. It is worth speculating on what would happen if every retail merchant in the country would suddenly decide to grow customer-conscious and charge himself with the privilege of caring for the expressed needs of those who have not only the power to buy but the will, as well.

If this paper told the story of one person, it would not be significant, necessarily. Before I wrote it, I took occasion to talk to a half dozen friends of mine without telling them what I was after. To my astonishment I found that they had experiences so similar to mine that I have a growing feeling that there is an almost universal apathy and indifference to the customer. We are so busy lamenting the depression that we have no energy left to attend to the business available.

They Just Must Get Well

[Continued from page 18]

that would house the children who had just been released. Hundreds of them would require weeks of convalescence. Strength and disease-resistance had to be built up.

The joy of erecting the convalescent home became the happy privilege of Indiana Rotary. The Indianapolis club, largest in the state, accepted the challenge of leadership. The way the other clubs of Indiana organized their battalions for the fund-battle was an inspiration. Good old Frank E. Floyd, past president of the Indianapolis club, accepted chairmanship of the convalescent home committee, without even a hint of an alibi. His associates on the committee were blest with equal enthusiasm and they went to work. No Rotary project was ever "worked at" more persistently, more unfailingly. Then changes came—Frank Floyd, because of business alliances, moved to New York, then came back to die among his beloved Hoosiers. This necessitated a new chairman for the committee and, smartly enough, the Hoosier Rotarians chose Robert E. Heun—"Bob," of Richmond—now first vice president of Rotary International and with a soul as large as the Rotary empire he represents.

The whole scheme seems to have had

breathed into it the skill of a magician. Money poured in from every one of the fifty-eight Rotary clubs of Indiana—a total of \$276,000! It's simply impossible to tell all the magical stories of its achievement. Working along with "Bob" Heun were his fellow-committeemen, "Charlie" Grafton, of Muncie, and "Ben" Sherwood, of Bedford, both past district governors and both possessed of the fire that makes Rotary International what it is today.

In April, 1931, ten years after the Rotarians of Indiana went to work on their heart-happy project, Paul Harris, beloved founder of Rotary International, laid the cornerstone of the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home. Chesley R. Perry, international secretary, made the inspiring address of the day.

One recent Sunday afternoon the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home was dedicated, following a luncheon served by the nurses and internes of the Indiana University Medical Center, of which the James Whitcomb Riley Hospital and the Rotary Convalescent Home are units. Robert Heun presided at the luncheon and such Rotary notables as Sir Charles A. Mander, of Wolverhampton, England, an international director and Edwin Rob-



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MENTION

inson, of Sheffield, England, chairman of the international service committee, were present. Indiana and neighboring Rotary districts were well represented with worthies who had heart in the cause. Dr. William Lowe Bryan, president of Indiana University and therefore head of the medical center that bears the university's name, accepted the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home as a unit of the medical center after speeches of presentation by First International Vice President Heun and Hugh Mc K. Landon, chairman of the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Association. Crowning the events of the day was a typically Rotary address by John Nelson, of Montreal, third international vice-president of Rotary, who happily interspersed his own words with quotations from the child-rhymes of Riley.

During the afternoon Frank C. Ball, manufacturer and philanthropist, of Muncie, revealed his Rotarian spirit at the unveiling of a dedicatory tablet, which graces the entrance to the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home. It was the happy privilege of the Rotarian telling this story to have written the sentiment on the tablet, authorship being required of me by "Bob" Heun, old and ever-abiding friend of mine. The tablet says:

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, WHO
MADE "THE HAPPY LITTLE CRIPPLE"
IMMORTAL AND TO THE CHILDREN WHO
"JUST MUST GET WELL," THIS BUILD-
ING IS DEDICATED WITH FULL AFFEC-
TION BY THE ROTARIANS OF INDIANA.

Following the tablet dedication, Sir Charles Mander planted two trees as the nucleus for the beautiful park that is to surround the home. The grounds, covering seven acres, are to be landscaped in such a way that the children of various ages may find playgrounds befitting their years. Those of tender age will have their place to play, the older ones others that match the demands of youthful recreation.

The Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home was built at a cost of \$230,000, including its modern equipment. The remainder of the \$276,000 fund raised by Indiana Rotarians will go toward the maintenance of the home.

No Rotarian—be he from the farthest corner of the earth—could pass through the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home without feeling a pull at his heart-strings. The building is three stories in height, constructed of fireproof brick, concrete, stone, and steel. It has broad halls, spacious stairways, and Mr. Sunshine is everywhere, beaming through windows. Truly, one would wish to be a child again when visiting the playroom

of these little convalescents. Even the tiled floors have replicas of elephants, monkeys, giraffes, peacocks, rabbits, dogs, cats, and all the other animals dear to the heart of an imaginative child. The youthful patient simply "just must get well" when in daily comradeship with all these animal friends who bring child-happiness.

There are schoolrooms that appeal to both education and that most necessary juvenile adjunct, imagination. Occupational therapy rooms invite their constructive talents, for here they are taught to make useful articles, yet it never seems a job. The children live together in happy comradeship in sunny, well-aired wards. All they have to do is "just get well." The dining-room is as much of a playroom as a place for easing growing hunger. There are broad porches on which to play games, one of them being called the "upper deck," resembling a steamship's promenade. Drinking fountains are everywhere and of a kind so low that the smallest child can quench his thirst. As one little fellow remarked with childish appreciation: "Ese are 'ittle-bitty pumps for 'ittle-bitty peoples."

And that is the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home, built as joy-companion to the James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Children. Little did James Whitcomb Riley dream that such an institution would ever be built in his name. Still, there must have been something prophetic in his last letter to the Indianapolis Rotary Club, of which he was a member. It was written shortly before he died.

The letter said—Rotarians will read and understand why the Hoosiers of The Poet's faith built the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home:

Greetings and felicitations! If a word of congratulation may be addressed to you, may I say that the Rotarians, collectively and individually, have struck the target-center of my ideal of what a club should be, for there sit artist, minister, and business man, not feeling sorry for each other in the least, but, instead, heartily applauding art, square-dealing toward God and man, and enterprise, all three alike, each happy fellow betting on the other as just his kind of a man. On behalf of the Hoosiers may I convey salutations and fervent best wishes in the immortal words of Dickens: "God bless us every one!"

Loyally and fraternally yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

And it was Riley spirit that built the Indiana Rotary Convalescent Home—"each happy fellow betting on the other as just his kind of a man!"

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